

THE BATTLEFIELD. Written and Illustrated by Sir William Orpen, R.A.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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# COUNTRY LIFE

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SATURDAY, JUNE 21st, 1919.

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SWAINE

MRS. SELWYN LUCAS-TOOTH AND HER DAUGHTER.

146, New Bond Street, W.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

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## THE FUTURE ARMY

NO one will find fault with Sir Douglas Haig for choosing the occasion of the City's welcome to utter a grave warning. On him the mantle of Lord Roberts has fallen. He related how the oldest and most brilliant of our soldiers employed the last years of his life in urging the country to be prepared for a war that he saw to be inevitable. No heed was paid to his warning, and for that the country had to pay in treasure and, what is beyond treasure, the blood of her sons. Sir Douglas Haig chose the moment because it was evident that he wished to impress the country with the need of being ready for any similar contingency in the future. It is not that he anticipates war, or that he desires to form a military caste in this country. He described himself as a man who has seen enough of war to make him determined to spend his utmost efforts to prevent its recurrence, and the means of prevention which he suggested is that of forming a great citizen army. With a professional army the tendency is that, as in Germany, the military leaders will be tempted to thrust the country into war, because arms is their profession and war offers opportunities for gaining distinction. It would have been out of place for him to present, even if he had prepared it, a detailed programme, but he laid down very clearly the principles on which the Army should be reconstructed. He does not suggest anything in the shape of

conscription, but rather the organisation of an army on territorial lines; that is to say, he would have every man in the country capable of bearing arms trained to do so, so that if the necessity arose the country would not have to depend upon young men who were willing and patriotic but ignorant. They would be already trained. He had previously quoted the speech of Lord Roberts in which the latter said that the British Empire was at all times practically defenceless behind its first line, and added: "Such an Empire invites war. Its assumed security amid the armaments of Europe, and now of Asia, is insolent, is provocative." We know that if such a citizen army as was sketched by Sir Douglas Haig had been in being the Germans never would have ventured into the contest which ended, indeed, with their destruction, but not before holocausts had been offered.

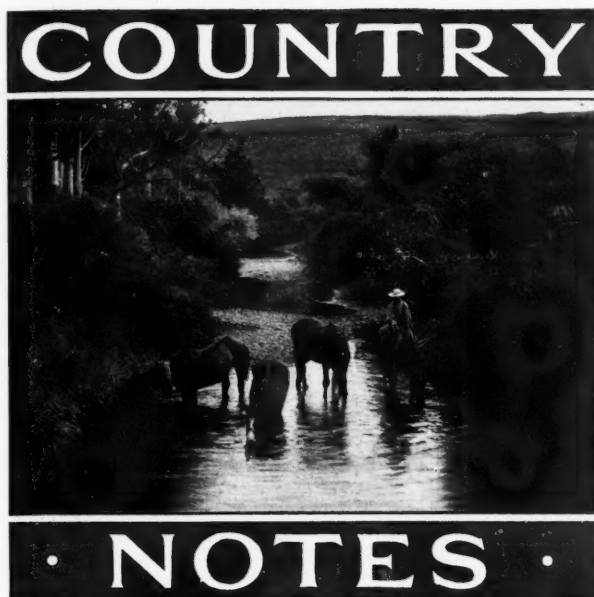
We believe the country, taught by experience, will receive sympathetically the suggestion offered to it. No class can take objection to it. We all know that the preliminary training of the men sent out on our various expeditions produced a wonderful effect. The physical advantage of it is undeniable. The question arising is whether there are political drawbacks which more than countervail this advantage. It has often been said that a country possessed of a trained army is always spoiling for a fight. This would not be the case, however, where the army was not in existence as an army, but only as material for one. The voice of the fighting man would really be the voice of the citizen. In the fine tributes he paid to the various combatants the speaker indicated the sources from which our victorious Army was drawn. There were men who had been preparing for professions at school or college; there were labourers from the field and miners from the pit; shopmen from the city and workers from the factory. But these are the people who, taken as a whole, form the public opinion of the country. As a corollary to the formation of a citizen army we must have the abolition of secret diplomacy, so that at all times it is open for every country in the world to know what our relations are with foreign Powers. Never again should it be possible for war to be sprung on this country as it was in 1914, when a great majority of the people were absolutely bewildered by its occurrence. The knowledge that an outbreak of hostilities was possible and probable, nay, even certain, was confined to a very small number of officials, and to a few of those whose thoughts travelled further afield than those of their neighbours. The bulk of the population did not know enough to heed the warnings given, not only by Lord Roberts, but by many of the more thoughtful students of European affairs. Politicians were foolishly afraid of alarming the country. It would have been far better to take the risk of alarm and open the eyes of every one to what was going on. The latter is the course upon which a citizen army would insist.

No doubt there will always be those who create a false Paradise for themselves. They pin their faith to a League of Nations or some other contrivance for avoiding war and would even induce their neighbours to assume the continuance of perpetual peace. But they form a very dangerous section of the populace. Those who prefer to keep in touch with reality and who look facts in the face cannot fail to see that the end of this war must leave behind it not only a considerable amount of hatred on the part of the vanquished, but many unfulfilled national aspirations on the part of the victors. We are not at the moment criticising the settlement in any way, but no possible agreement can instantaneously heal the innumerable sores ripped open during the conflict. Very few wars in the past have ended after five years of fighting. If we look back at the history of Europe it will be found that once war breaks out it takes a whole era to remove the discourse and heal the racial and other wounds, and so fighting is ever in danger of being renewed. The way to stop it is to let it be known that every capable male in the United Kingdom is trained and ready to take his place if called upon.

## Our Frontispiece

AS frontispiece to this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE we reproduce a portrait of Mrs. Selwyn Lucas-Tooth and her daughter Everild, born in 1909. Mrs. Lucas-Tooth is the second daughter of Sir Edward Durand and widow of Captain Selwyn Lucas-Tooth, Lancashire Fusiliers, killed in action in 1914, who was the eldest son of the late Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth, of Holme Lacy, Hereford, and Lady Lucas-Tooth.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



**U**NEASINESS in regard to the agricultural situation is clearly reflected in the speeches made last week-end respectively by Lord Selborne and Lord Chaplin. The former declared emphatically that the country should not be governed by the town. His words were that the tragedy of the present agricultural situation was that country affairs were dealt with largely by people living in towns. One need not go very far to find an apt illustration of the truth of this dictum. Last week hay-making was begun in certain of the southern counties, and the farmers had a very anxious time. According to the regulation made by the Wages Board labourers are entitled to stop work at five o'clock in the afternoon, summer time, that is to say at four o'clock according to time taken from the sun. It is the very best part of the day for hay-making, and in the usual way men would go on working until twilight. But in many cases they refused to do so, even though they would have been entitled to payment for overtime. In one case that came before the eyes of the present writer they had simply turned a crop of hay for the first time at one o'clock on Saturday, and they downed tools when the clock struck and left the hay on the ground in an easily damageable condition. Rain was threatened in the course of the afternoon, but only a few drops fell. Had the thunderstorm which threatened come on, the whole of that hay would have been irretrievably ruined. What was to hinder the men from putting it up in little cocks that could have been taken down on Monday morning if necessary?

**T**HE men employed are receiving a regular wage of 7s. 6d. a day or 45s. a week. They are regular hands and make full time on the farm summer and winter. A great deal of that time is idle owing to excessive rain, snow or other extreme weather. During winter, too, their hours are short, even when the days are fine. It has been the universal custom for them to make up for time lost in winter by extra work in summer. They themselves never asked for the hours fixed officially, never dreamed of receiving them. When they agitated it was for wages almost exclusively, although they claimed, rightly enough, an occasional holiday, and nobody would grudge them a weekly half-day except when farm work is necessary and urgent. The farmer, an industrious, capable man, was sick almost to tears at the desertion of the men, for it looked at the time as though heavy rain was pending. He declared with vigour that occurrences like these were making him sick of his work and that he had made up his mind to get out of it as soon as possible. That is the state of affairs which is being produced up and down the country by the attempt to force upon farms the same regulations that apply to the factory. So far from the scheme of increased production being carried out, there is going to be a great deal less. We shall be interested to see from the agricultural returns, what amount of ploughland has been let down to weeds this year. In the district we know best the quantity is considerable, but before commenting on that we would like to have full information in regard to what has taken place in other parts of the country.

**L**ORD CHAPLIN stated to the Northants Chamber of Agriculture on Saturday that the speech which Mr. Lloyd George made soon after he became Prime Minister was the best in regard to agriculture that had been made in his time by any English Prime Minister. We agree with that; but it is one thing to define a policy and another to carry it out. There is no disposition at present to throw the responsibility on the Prime Minister. His task in Paris has been as arduous and difficult as it has been important. Upon that it is right that his attention should be concentrated. Surely that is no reason why agricultural policy should be neglected at home. What is needed is a minister who thoroughly knows the needs and conditions of the industry and who has the backbone and resolution to carry his ideas in the teeth of opposition if necessary. Certainly townsmen cannot legislate for farmers, neither can miners. It is reported that they are holding meetings in rural districts in the endeavour to forward a movement for nationalising the land. It is a reproach to the Labour Party that they have not taken the trouble to understand the agricultural question. Not from one of them has come a useful practical suggestion making for increased production. Yet they will be the sufferers if, as is in every way likely, there is a very serious dearth of food next year. They do not recognise that the outlook has become very gloomy. Spring sown crops are a failure and even winter sown crops are very far from being satisfactory. Roots are not growing well at all. They will probably be surprised next year to find that the cost of food is going to make a very serious demand even on those high wages which they have managed to extract not exactly from the coal-owners, but from the pockets of the British tax-payer.

#### THE GARDENER BEE.

A heavy humble-bee  
A purple foxglove spire did see,  
So up the graceful tower  
He slowly travelled, flower by flower,  
Gilding his hairy thighs  
With the pale pollen in their eyes;  
Stealing from every bell  
Nectar, his honey-bag to swell.

He drained each drooping bloom,  
Then, finding in his wallet room  
For more of the sweet brew,  
Away he winged to where there grew  
Another foxglove, white  
As moonshine on a frosty night;  
There adding to his store  
Of fruitful treasure, as before.

Two years passed by. Behold!  
'Mid white and purple as of old  
A foxglove tall that flashed  
Cool, snowy bells, whose lips were splashed  
With crimson spots—more fair  
Than either of its parents were.

Oh what a clever gardener was he,  
That heavy humble-bee!

ADELAIDE PHILLPOTTS.

**G**RAT prospects are opened up by the successful flight of Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Whitten Brown across the Atlantic. The journey only lasted sixteen hours, but it represented a difficult and dangerous feat. The aviators had to struggle with fog nearly the whole of the journey, and when they mounted high to escape it encountered snow and hail. For these reasons it will evidently take some considerable time to improve and develop the science of aviation so as to make the passage across the Atlantic a regular and dependable occurrence. What has been accomplished now must be regarded only as a proof of possibility. The success of these two brave and enterprising airmen will stimulate others of the same profession, and in due course it may be possible to realise the forecast of Lord Northcliffe that it will be possible to have American papers here on the day of issue and English papers in Washington and New York within an equal time. That would do at least as much as the League of Nations to bring the two countries closer together. Yet it is only one of the minor results that may be reckoned to follow when once the navigation of the air becomes, even on a long voyage over the ocean, as trustworthy as a journey by water.

IT is a pleasant task to congratulate county and other organisers on the number of agricultural shows that are being reinstated this summer after the compulsory stoppage during war-time. Already a considerable number of the smaller of the local exhibitions have been held, and next week will witness the greatest of them all at Cardiff. It would be unreasonable to expect that a very large number of animals could be in their pre-war condition just after a prolonged period of food scarcity and even rationing. But the English breeder is difficult to beat, and he has found means of keeping up the standard of his choicest animals. Shorthorns, for example, show no appreciable falling away from what they were before the war. The exhibition of livestock is, of course, a matter of business as well as pleasure. This country has been called the stud farm of the world, and it has an interest in living up to its reputation. Buyers from the Argentine, the foreign countries and our Colonies make their choice largely from the evidence furnished by the prize ring. The agricultural show is at once a great advertisement and a place where much good business is transacted.

THE death of Mr. Weedon Grossmith leaves the stage the poorer by a really fine actor. He had an unforgettable personality, but he was far too genuine an artist to depend upon it alone. There must always be a temptation to do so when a man has the gift of being able to make people laugh by the mere fact of his walking on to the stage; but Mr. Grossmith was as versatile as he was accomplished, and never let the audience forget the play for the actor. The long list of his successes goes far back now beyond the ken of many modern playgoers, but the names of "The New Boy," "The Duke of Killiecrankie" and "The Pantomime Rehearsal," to mention only three of his plays, must bring back poignantly delightful memories. And how wonderfully pleasant he was in "The Man from Blankleys," as Mr. Montague Tidmarsh, the rather vulgar, uneasy little city gentleman, down-trodden by Miss Fanny Brough. What would we not give to see so beautifully skilful a performance again in these days of unending revues. His back view, as he sat at the end of the dinner table with his back to the stage, the very soles of his boots as he wriggled uncomfortably in his chair, were triumphs of concealed art. The stage of our day has seen, perhaps, no more finished actor.

WITH the continued blaze of sunshine and the hard, dry ground, it was inevitable that the batsmen should reap a rich harvest of runs. Hearne, Hendren, the ever youthful Hirst and others have been making great scores; nevertheless it has not been so universal a case of "Pity the poor bowler" as might have been expected. The end of last week saw quite a gratifying number of matches brought to a definite end and that is the best possible thing for cricket; for there is nothing so depressing as a long series of games which are not merely drawn, but appear fated to be drawn from their very beginning. On Saturday last the bowlers enjoyed some splendid revenges. Kennedy of Hampshire, perhaps the best bowler in England at the moment, tumbled out the strong Surrey side for just over 120 runs and won a gallant victory for his county. For Essex, Mr. Loudon became almost unplayable for a spell and sent the Sussex wickets flying like ninepins; nor must we forget, earlier in the week, the wonderful bowling for Middlesex of Mr. G. T. S. Stevens, who is still a schoolboy. Young amateur bowlers of promise have a knack of getting over-bowled too early in their careers, more especially if, like Mr. C. L. Townsend they have the makings of fine batsmen. It is to be hoped that Mr. Stevens will be carefully "nursed," and so escape the common lot.

IT is to be feared that the prospect of a bumper year for fruit is fading away into nothing. A combination of causes is responsible. Gooseberries are falling off the bushes in the green state owing to the lack of moisture. Watering them would have prevented the mishap, but watering means labour, and labour is both scarce and dear. Black currants, again, which form what is, perhaps, the most useful crop of garden fruit, love moisture, and in the drought the bushes have shed their berries to an enormous extent. The crop cannot be an excellent one now. Red currants, on the other hand, love hot weather, and are doing splendidly, but red currants are not really so useful a crop as black. At one time it looked as though the quantity of apples produced would be enormous, but the trees have become infested with caterpillars in variety and the fruit is coming to the ground prematurely. Pears are in a like position, and plums never promised to be very good. The supply, therefore, is sure to fall short of the demand

and this opens the way for that importation of cheap foreign fruit which prevailed before the war.

EDMUND BURKE said it was impossible to indict a nation; but the Allies have come very near achieving that feat in the covering letter which accompanies their reply to the German counter-proposals. It is a strong, dignified and logical exposition of the principles that have guided them in formulating the terms of peace. The document is long and yet terse. Much ground is gone over, but there is no dawdling on the way. The Allies recall that Germany willed the war, that the military leaders succeeded in debauching the mind of the country so that not only victories but enormities were hailed with rejoicing by the populace at the beginning of the war. Every savage act perpetrated by the German leaders was endorsed by public approval. That is the reason why it is impossible to draw a distinction between leaders and led, or to mitigate the terms because there has been a revolution and the Hohenzollerns have been brought down from their high estate. The widespread devastation of the war was a direct result of the unscrupulous policy by which they hoped to gain the domination of Europe. Theirs is the crime and theirs the duty to make reparation.

#### LAMENT.

One morn I saw a rose-bud on a tree,  
'Twas fresh and fair, and sweet as sweet could be,  
And seeing it I loved—yet, with a sigh,  
"Too soon," I said. "Best wait till by-and-by."

Next morn I came my tender bud to greet  
And found a full-blown rose, dewy and sweet.  
Abashed I looked on beauty in its prime—  
"Not now," I said, "not now—another time."

The morrow came and, early and alone,  
I went to woo that sweet rose for mine own.  
I came and looked—then sat me down and wept.  
Someone had stol'n my rose, e'en while I slept. . . .

I loved Thee, Sweet, and thought I was alone  
In loving Thee, and Thou wast all mine own.  
I waited long, and then there came a day  
When someone else snatched my sweet rose away.

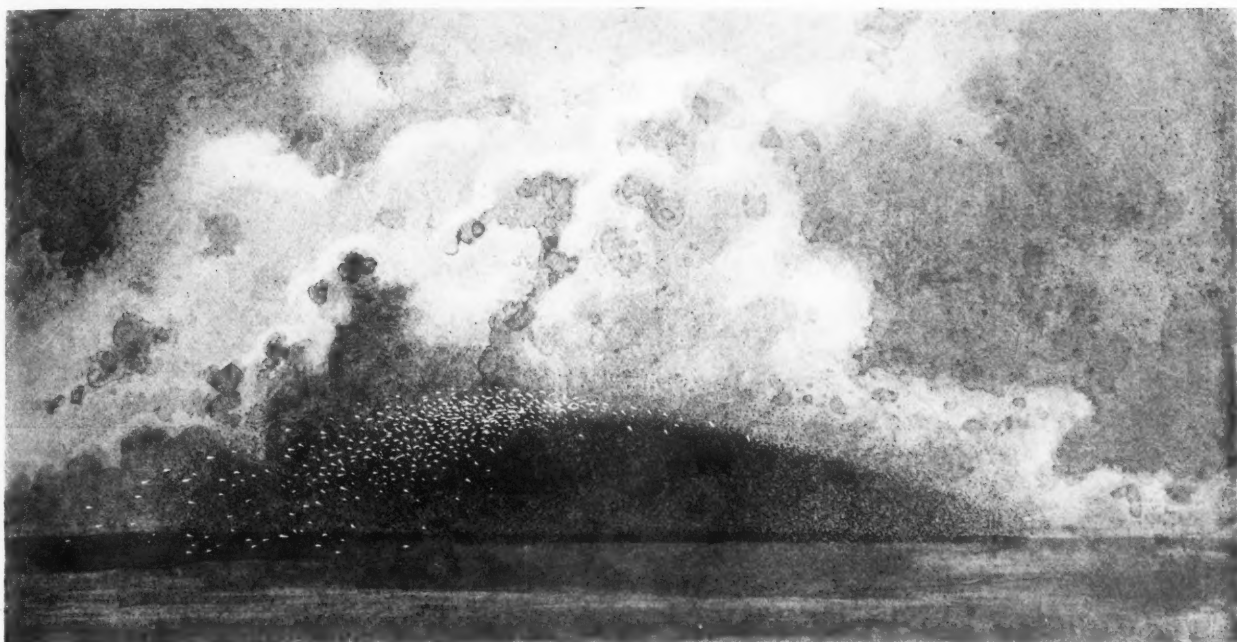
STEPHANIE CAYLEY.

EVIDENTLY the Association of Railway Travellers is going to complicate the game of those who are working for the nationalisation of railways. They are holding meetings and, what is more to the point, they are receiving enthusiastic public support in a way unofficial and unasked. Everybody is keen on the cost of travelling being brought down to something like what it was before the war, and they have reason on their side. Cheap travelling is one of the most useful helps to business and to health. It is surely to the great advantage of the country that as many town workers as possible should live outside the city boundaries and come in with a season ticket. But the season ticket at its present price forms an extraordinarily large addition to the rent paid for a country house, and if the war rates are maintained the effect will be a still closer population of the towns. On the other hand, no satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the immense loss incurred during the Government control of the railways. With this loss in front the reduction in the price of travelling must be difficult to accomplish.

THE curious announcement is made that Lord Harris will probably be Chairman of the Agricultural Commission to enquire into the cost of food production. This is the first occasion on which it has been intimated that the Agricultural Commission will be limited in its scope. It is difficult to see where the information is to be collected. Very little progress has been made as yet with that determination of agricultural costs on which Mr. Orwin is engaged. The difficulty he had to meet was that only exceptional farmers are in the habit of keeping books that are worth anything to the statistician and those who do so are not typical of the class. Lord Harris, if the report be true, has taken on a very difficult task. We might, indeed, call it impossible at the present moment, because wages have gone up considerably during the current year and the value of work has decreased if measured by its effect on production. The well paid labourer does not do more towards making the crops grow than he did when ill paid. It is to be hoped that the hours he worked will be considered as well as his wages.

## "HOYLAKE PILOTS."

BY GEORGE MARPLES.



DISTURBED.

TO the average outdoor man the name "Hoylake" denotes golf and championships, open or otherwise. If he thinks of "fauna" at all, probably it is only of those mythical "*lusus naturæ*," the ferrets, said to have been trained by an enterprising greens committee to retrieve the golf balls inadvertently driven into the numerous rabbit holes with which the course is infested. The tern once breeding here, alas! are gone, no longer finding the solitude they love; the shelduck have been driven from their nesting holes by the demands of the game; the oyster-catcher and the ringed plover, one time resident throughout the year, are now winter visitors only. But out on the sea banks, undisturbed by the "Royal and ancient game" and the growth of villadom, wheeling and eddying at each change of tide, still come unnumbered birds of passage. Each autumn witnesses the advent, each spring the departure, of this myriad host. Knots and god-wit, grey plover, dunlin and sanderling, happily protected from the predatory gunman and the still more deadly fly net—these birds warn the fishermen, by their curious smoke-like flights, of the nearness of the great sandbanks. From this peculiarity they get their local name of "Hoylake Pilots."

Off the end of the Wirral Peninsula, and lying between the mouths of the Mersey and the Dee, are the Hoyle Bank, the

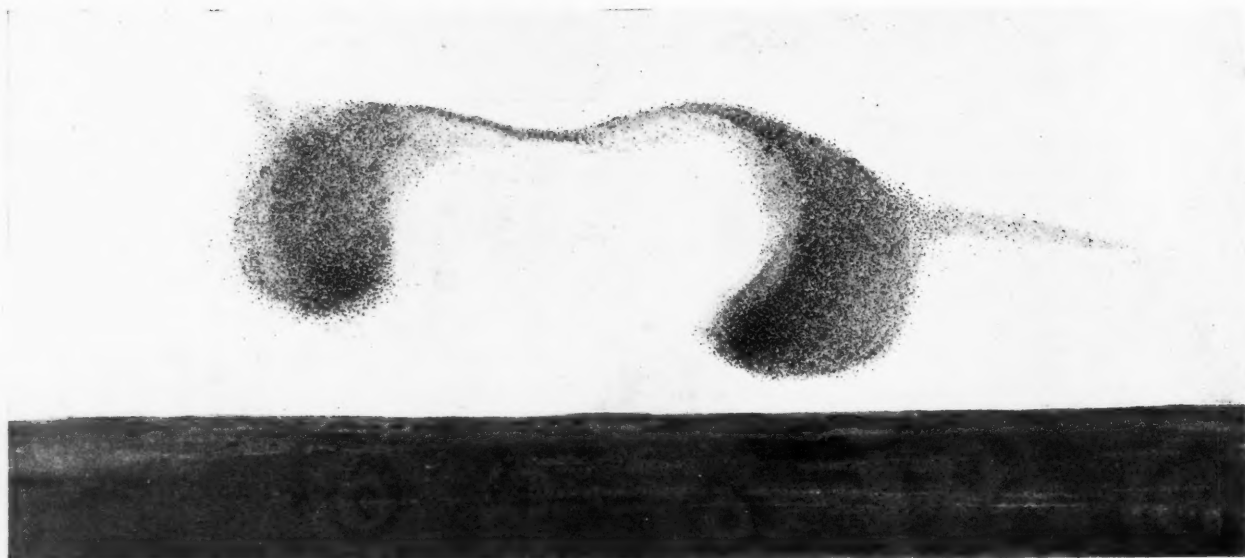
Salisbury Bank and Mockbeggar's Wharf, and stretching northward for a great distance from the shore, they cover some ten or twelve square miles. This large area, uncovered at low tide, is mostly clean sand, but parts are spread more or less deeply with fine mud, the silt brought down by the two big rivers, or by outcrops of the glacial clay which covers so large a part of Wirral. It is this mud, containing as it does millions of the tiny univalves, the "*Rissoa*," which is the main cause of these birds lingering on their southward migration and again on their return passage to their far northern nesting places, for these small molluscs constitute their staple food.

Westward, the banks terminate in three small islands, Hilbre, Little Hilbre and Little Eye, while just off the shore near the famous golf links is a stony outcrop known as the Red Rocks. These islands are almost as essential to the "Pilots" as is the mud, for, as will be seen, they are, on occasion, the bedrooms of the birds.

At low tide the area of the banks is increased by the extensive estuary of the Dee, the winter haunt of the oyster-catcher and the shelduck. This, in turn, far up the river, becomes the Burton Marshes, a great acreage of sodden ground, partially reclaimed, which has its own special winter interest, a thousand wild geese. Spend a tide watching the "Pilots." The water is dead low.



CIRCLING ABOUT UNDECIDED WHERE TO SETTLE.



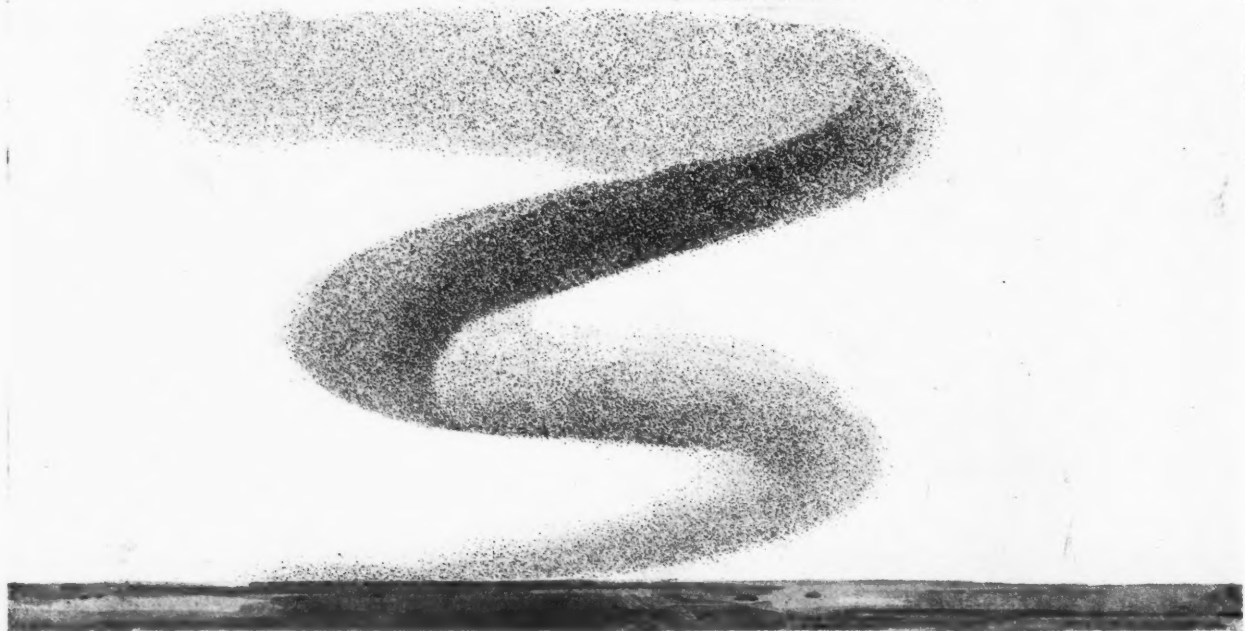
TWO FLOCKS JOINING.

In the strong breeze the sand on the tops of the banks dries and drifts. From afar comes the steady roar of the surf breaking on the outer end of the Hoyle Bank. Remote steamers, passing along the great seaway to Liverpool, leave long lines of dark grey smoke; their hulls cannot be seen for the sand ridges; the effect they produce is of wet wood fires trailing their reek across the banks. Here and there flukes of old anchors project redly through the sand. Among the pools little dunlin are busy searching the margins for treasure trove, and here and there redshank are wading: on our approach they flee headlong, piping their melancholy "ti wee wee." The ubiquitous gulls tower into the air, then suddenly dive, wings shut; they are feeding on cockles, of which many live in the mud, and an interesting mode of feeding it is. Let us watch. A cockle is found; carrying it, the gull mounts into the air, selects a patch of hard sand, hovers over it a moment, facing the wind, then drops the bivalve. The bird follows instantly for a few yards, head first with wings partly closed, then spreads his wings and drops gently on to the sand. Perhaps the shell is still unbroken; seizing it again, the gull mounts higher and repeats the performance. This time the cockle breaks, runs with the wind for a few yards, making indentations with its toothed edge and leaving bits of shell marking its route. Always one shell only breaks, the other remaining intact, with a portion of the broken side adhering by the hinge. The meal complete, the gull walks off into the wind, gradually increasing its stride and speed, until it rises into flight. Afterwards, the dunlin visit the shell fragments, imprinting around them its dainty footmarks.

While watching the gull the tide has turned, and distant bird movements reveal the presence of the "Plots." The restlessness which the shore birds develop at change of tide becomes evident. Disturbed dunlin form themselves into small flying flocks, and as they approach, a few sharp, high cries are heard;

but on the whole they are silent, the only sound being the long sss—sh made by the winnowing of their wings as they pass. Gathering into a large crowd of perhaps 500, they double and turn, hitler and thither; now showing, like a flash of silver, their light underparts against the neutral sky; now almost disappearing as the tone of their darker backs matches the grey background. Soon they drop on to a patch of mud and commence pecking vigorously. Immediately a constant chirping chatter, dully metallic like distant horse bells, rises in crescendo and dies down, but never into silence. Piercing the chorus is the plaintive "peep peep" of a ringed plover. Suddenly a warning cry of a redshank, and the birds rise with a subdued roar of wings and wheel off into the distance.

Afar off clouds of smoke gyrate strangely in the air; yet not smoke, but flocks of knot made restless by the rapidly rising tide. The scene becomes increasingly animated. Many flocks, little and big, of dunlin, redshank or knot are on the move. Some stretch long distances, probably a quarter of a mile, and must number many thousands of individuals. They fly steadily, flattened out into bow-like formation, low over the sand, as though definitely decided on a distant goal; suddenly the leaders rise, then drop, the others following without hesitation, causing an uncanny undulating movement which runs from end to end of the flock. Or they wheel quickly with perfect precision, their movements synchronising in a most remarkable way, as a well drilled regiment moves at the word of command, but withal with great swiftness. They tower, resembling a waterspout; they spread out at the top, mushroom like; they wheel, meander, double; silver against the blue-black cloud, then almost invisible—a most beautiful sight. About to settle, the flock becomes a flattened disc, nebula like, and swings back and forth, time after time, the head of the flock becoming the tail, the tail the head, till, eddying like falling leaves, they reach the

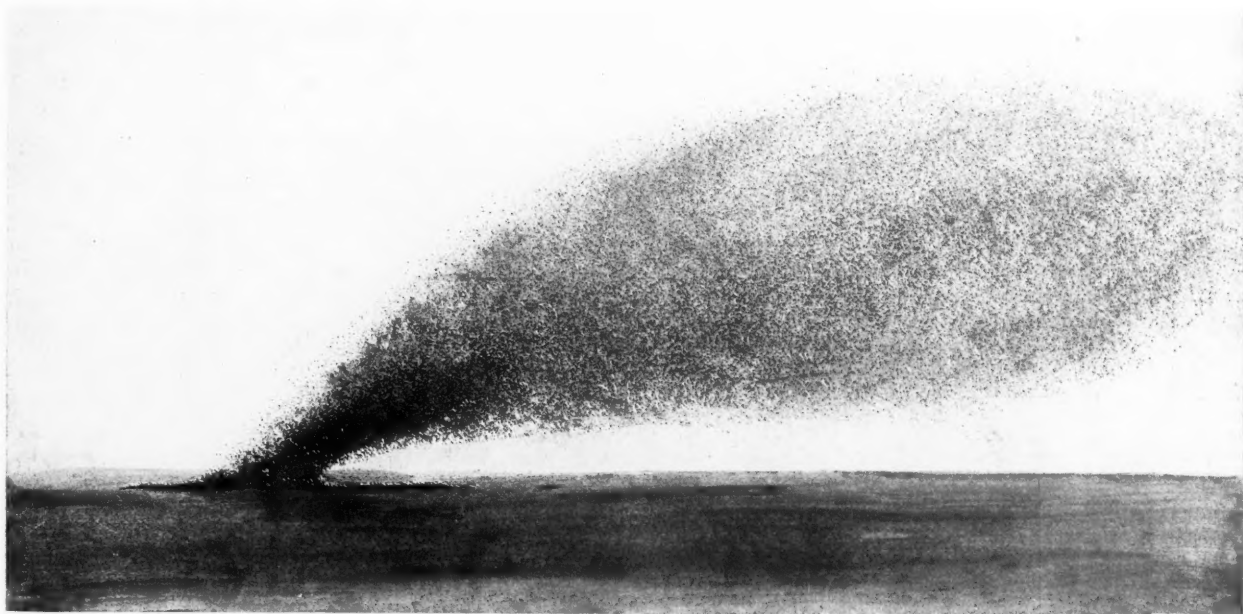


EDDYING LIKE FALLING LEAVES.

sand. A flock passing near by makes a noise like the rustling of dead leaves, increasing in volume, then dying away as the birds recede. Most fascinating to watch is this endless whirling and doubling, a seemingly purposeless performance. What can be the reason for it? Fear does not seem to be the explanation; there is nothing frightful to disturb them on the banks. The rising tide has stopped their feeding; then why do they not, as they presently will, make for the shore or the islands, there to rest till the tide turns again? Can it denote simply exuberance of spirits, a movement of pleasure, the joy of life, a sort of dance between the serious business of feeding and the no less important one of resting? Or is it indecision as to where to go? Certain it is that these saltatory movements invariably take place at each change of the tide. Normally their programme is this—feeding from a little after high tide until the turn at low tide; then a period of manœuvring, followed by settling at the selected resting place, which may be either sand or rock; then sleep, after which preening and perhaps bathing precedes the resumption of the great business of feeding once more.

The tide is now approaching its height; the flocks have settled, perhaps amalgamated into a company numbering very many thousands assembled on the very edge of the still rising water. There is now a hint of wet in the wind, which has fallen somewhat. The Hilbres are a smudge in the distance, a dull yellow break above them showing the position of the westering sun. The glow reflects in the wet sand, and on the edge of the tide this dense flock of birds is packed so close together that stragglers stand for a while on the backs of the others before they can insert themselves in the crowd. Warm grey in colour, resembling a spread of pebbles, they all face the wet wind, which

to flight. A moment more, then they rise with a roar as of a distant train. There is a certain amount of clapping of wings, either knocking together as in a pigeon's flight, or, more likely, striking against their neighbours. As they ascend, it is seen that with them are a few grey plover (*Squatorola helvetica*), not observed till their rising showed the black axillary feathers beneath their wings. Flitting some distance the flock settles and, the tide having turned, spreads out, and the birds begin to feed in great haste, probing into the mud as they all move in the same direction. Presently the surface of the mud is patterned all over with footprints, made by their slightly turned-in toes, and with beak probings. Examine the latter; they are of two kinds, double holes about one-eighth of an inch across, one of them round, made by the upper mandible, the other semi-lunar in shape, made by the lower mandible, the beak being thrust in partly opened. They are probings for "rissoa," which, tiny as they are and buried, can be detected by the extremely sensitive and flexible beak. The other hole, single and large, occurs at irregular intervals and shows where the beak has been driven in up to the root, and a sandworm, possibly, extracted. Light brown castings soon lie about here and there, which, on examination, are seen to consist of tiny "rissoa" shells, most of them unbroken, their contents having been dissolved out by the juices of the birds' digestive apparatus. After the retreating tide they go, feverishly busy, all heading against the direction of the wind. From time to time a group will fly a short way to better feeding; the great flock gradually breaks up as the birds work their way out on to the banks and are lost to sight. This hurried feeding will continue until the tide turns once more. The wheeling and turning will begin again; follows the settling and the sleep, and for the



THE FLOCK SETTLES.

means facing the water. For a quarter of a mile they stretch, several yards in breadth, a huddled mass. By far the greater number are knot (*Tringa canutus*). Surely these birds get their common name from their habit of assembling themselves into groups or knots, rather than from having pleased the palate of King Canute. In the shallow water, long in beak and leg, are a few godwit, mostly of the bar-tailed variety (*Limosa lapponica*), with, perhaps, one or two of the rarer blacktails (*Limosa belgica*). On the shoreward side of the flock run many smaller, browner birds; these are dunlin (*Tringa alpina*), and with them are a few dainty pale grey sanderling (*Calidris arenaria*). The rising tide causes constant commotion through the desire of the birds on the seaward edge to escape getting wet. A wedge shape of paler grey will suddenly appear running rapidly from the water to the outer edge of the flock; this will quickly get larger until the whole mass is pale grey and moving up the shore as orderly as a regiment of soldiers trotting in close formation. This alteration in colour is caused by the sudden change of front as the birds turn round to run up the shore, their breasts being pale grey, much lighter than their backs. As suddenly the pale grey disappears, changing to dark; they have turned round once again and are facing the sea, their backs now being seen. This colour change and methodical marching movement constantly recur until the tide stops rising. The tide is now full high. All movement has ceased. Standing on one leg with beak tucked under the left wing, they sleep. Slowly approach the flock and there is a curious sudden rising of its level, produced by a simultaneous bobbing up of heads to watch the intruder. A few of the more timorous stretch their wings upright over their backs. One or two fly off. Move nearer; and there will be caused a general upraising of wings preparatory

second time in the twenty-four hours the programme will be completed.

But not always is the shore the resting place after the gyrations; at the very high tides resort is made to the Red Rocks and the Hilbres. At such times the wheeling crowds pass and repass the rocks before descending. New arrivals disturb those already in occupation. All fly up, eddying and twisting in mazy flight, and settle again, only to be aroused by other flocks attempting to alight. There is a constant uneasiness; a wave breaks and dislodges those near the water line; their movement affrights the others, and instantly a cloud of birds bursts upwards, wheels round, now dark, now light, a flickering mass. From a distance this continuous uprising has the appearance of waves breaking on the rocks and throwing up clouds of spray. The birds have now all arrived, and quiet gradually settles over all. The knot line the ledged rock in tidy, martial rows, shoulder touching shoulder, all facing the same way. The higher points are occupied, perhaps, by companies of oyster-catchers from the Dee estuary. On the rocks, washed by the waves, congregate the long-legged birds—the curlew, the godwit, the redshank. Dunlin, always restless, move between these and the knot. At the seaward end, isolated, stand a score of herring gulls, a few "black-backs" among them and some cormorants, the whole forming a mass of closely packed bird life. Spring and neap tides completely submerge these rocks. At such times the birds are driven off, group by group, by the breaking, rising waves. Flock after flock starts away, flying in long lines close to the surface of the sea, to the Hilbres, the space between becoming one stream of flickering grey specks, thicker here and there, where the birds are more numerous. Streaming across, they take two minutes to fly

a distance of exactly one mile, and after wheeling some time, they may be seen greying the grass and lining the rock shelves of the islands. There they will rest quietly and

undisturbed, a silent host, recuperating for the feverishly active food finding and for their unconscious rôle as "pilots" to the Hoylake fishermen.

## BELTIES

BY WILL LEARMOUTH.



THE term Galloway at one time included part of Ayrshire, of Lanarkshire and Dumfriesshire, but for generations back its use has been restricted to the Shire of Wigtown and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright. Till recently Galloway was but little known to those furth of its borders; but in the years more immediately preceding the war, drives by coach and char-à-banc had combined with extended railway facilities to make it known to tourists, and frequented as a holiday resort.

Galloway offers many a bid for the patronage of the outside world. Its manifold beauty of storm-scarped mountain and quiet loch; its rivers, here brawling torrents, there smooth-flowing streams; its long seaboard of frowning cliff relieved by sandy beach, afford ample scope for the student of Nature, and present varied and unnumbered subjects for the canvas of the artist. In many a fort and cairn, in many a mote and sculptured stone, the antiquarian finds exposed the unwritten record of the storied past of the ancient Province. The ruins of its once stately abbeys invite the ecclesiologist; monuments on its whaup-haunted moors and tombstones in its "auld kirkyards" tell of the part played by the dour Westland Whigs in Scotland's fight for religious freedom; and the multitude of its lochs and its numerous streams afford excellent sport to the angler.

With a coast line of over 170 miles, its fishing is yet of comparatively little importance; its harbours are few, and the bulk of its commerce is railway-borne; and the absence of coal and iron has reduced its manufacturing industries to a minimum. Its wealth lies in its agriculture. In the uplands, sheep and cattle rearing; in the lowlands, dairying and mixed farming give Kirkcudbright and Wigtown a high place among the counties of Scotland.

The old race of Galloway horses—"Know we not Galloway nags?"—is extinct. They were strong, rough-legged, hardy cobs, about 14½h. high, and much admired for pluck and endurance. Galloway cattle form one of the oldest and most characteristic of British breeds. According to Mr. G. G. B. Sproat, Gatehouse-of-Fleet, author of the article on Galloways in the "Encyclopædia of Agriculture"



THE FARM AND PART OF THE HERD.

and one of the greatest living authorities on the subject, they have sprung from the same remote ancestors as the West Highland cattle. They are essentially a beef-producing class, dressing to fully 60 per cent. of their live weight. At one time Galloways were mostly horned, but English feeders demanded polled animals, and horns have been eliminated. They have a coat of shaggy or curled black hair, with an under-coat of fine short wool. The eye is impressive, the forehead broad and the muzzle short. Broad ears fringed

with hair point outwards and forwards. The legs are short and the ribs and thighs deep. The sheeted or belted Galloways, familiarly known as Belties, illustrations of which accompany this article, form one of the oldest and most valuable strains of this ancient breed. The white belt goes right round the body and extends from behind the shoulders to the hooks, thus including half the udder and two teats. Any deviation from this is regarded as an imperfection of marking. The white belt invariably dominates the black in crossing with the ordinary Galloway. It is on record that a herd of white-belted cows threw white-belted calves for fifty years, although the bulls used were entirely black. There is a dun-coloured Beltie which, though scarce, is a recognised variety of the breed. According to Professor Wallace, Belties are bigger framed than the black Galloways, not so wild, quite as robust and hardy, and better milkers.

Perhaps the finest herd of pure-bred belted Galloways in existence is that belonging to Mr. James Brown, of

draft was purchased by Mr. Brown, which laid the foundation of the present beautiful herd. By judicious selection and careful breeding these cattle have reached a very high standard of excellence in conformity to type, uniformity of marking, and milking properties. The herd numbers fully twenty head, of which more than half are cows in full milk. The cow-house and dairy are worth a long day's journey to see.

The buildings are constructed on the strictest hygienic principles; abundantly lighted, with lofty ceilings, ventilators open night and day, so that the temperature inside is as nearly as possible that of the outside air. With cleanliness both of animals and surroundings a prominent feature of management, the cows are bred and housed under ideal conditions. Freedom from tuberculosis is an obvious corollary; and it may be added the milk yield is not appreciably affected by conditions of temperature.

Mr. Brown's aim is to produce a heavy milking animal, and already excellent results have been obtained. The cows average from 800 gallons to 900 gallons in a lactation. The milk is of very fine quality, the percentage of butter fat being exceptionally high.

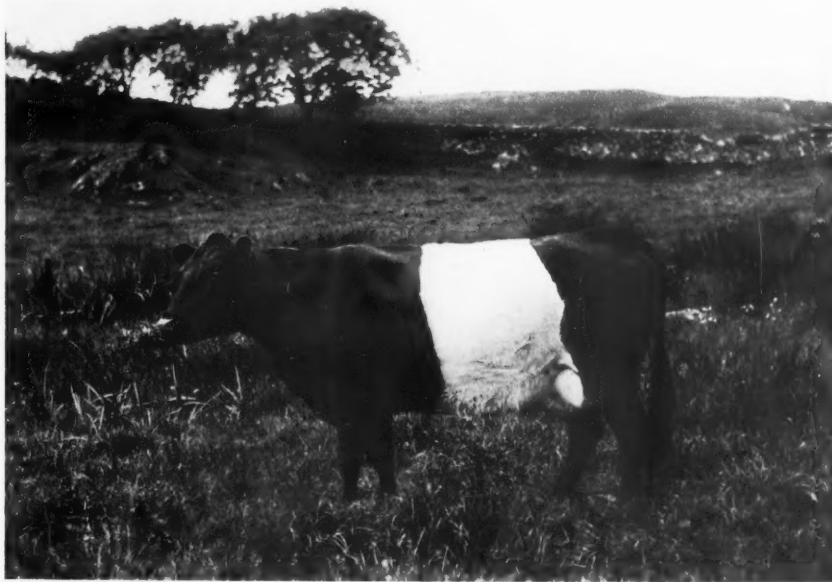


SHELTERING UNDER A DRY STONE DYKE.



IN THE HOME PASTURE.

Knockbren. The estate of Knockbren is situated in the parish of Borgue, some eight or nine miles from the town of Kirkcudbright. Comprising several fine farms, which run well inland, it extends for about six miles along the northern shore of Wigtown Bay. One of these farms, Corseyard, Mr. Brown keeps in his own hands, and on it he has built a model cow-house and dairy for his famous herd. The origin of the herd is interesting. In 1848 the late Mr. John Sproat brought to his farm of Almorness, Dalbeattie, two beautiful belted heifers from Grennan Farm, Dalry. During his fifty years' tenancy of the farm, nothing but pure black Galloway sires were used, but white belted calves were thrown on every occasion. In 1881 Mr. George G. B. Sproat, a son of Mr. John Sproat, when starting farming on the banks of the Fleet, brought with him two belted cows from Almorness. The use of a belted bull was obtained from a neighbouring farm, and by this means a belted herd of considerable dimensions was established. From this herd, in 1904, a select



A BELTED GALLOWAY COW.

# THE BATTLEFIELD

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.



THIEPVAL.

## ZILLEBEKE CHURCH.

*October, 1918.*

Mud !  
Everywhere  
nothing but mud !  
The very air seems thick with it.  
The few tufts of grass are all smeared with  
it—

Mud  
The Church, a heap of it,  
One look and weep for it.  
That's what they made of it  
Mud  
Slimy and wet  
Churned and upset.

Here Bones that once mattered  
With crosses lie scattered  
Broken and battered  
covered in mud.  
Here where the Church's Bell  
Tolled when our Heroes fell  
In that mad start of Hell  
Mud,  
That's all that's left of it.



ZILLEBEKE CHURCH.



NO MAN'S LAND; BEAUMONT - HAMEL.

But ther this place was Hell,  
 Now all is Peace.  
 The sun has bleached him pure and holy,  
 a daffodil is by his head,  
 His golden curly hair is waving in the slight  
 breeze,  
 He, the man who died in "No Man's  
 Land"  
 doing some great act of courage for his  
 comrades and country.  
 There he lies, holy and pure, his face  
 upward turned,  
 No earth between him and his Maker.  
 I have no right to be so near.

#### A MEMORY OF THE SOMME.

*Beaumont-Hamel, 1917.*

A fair spring morning,  
 Not a living soul is near.  
 Far, far away there is the faint rumble of  
 the guns,  
 Above the aeroplanes drone—amber specks—  
 high up in the blue.  
 Occasionally there is the movement of a  
 rat in  
 the old trench on which I sit, still in the  
 confusion  
 in which it was left.  
 The sun is dazzling.  
 The distance is all shimmering in heat.  
 A few spring flowers have forced their way  
 through the parched chalk.

He lies a few feet the other side of the  
 trench,  
 We are quite alone,  
 Yet hundreds of eyes have seen him,  
 Hundreds of bodies have felt faint and sick  
 because of him.



ENTRANCE TO A DUG-OUT; BEAUMONT HAMEL.



**W**HAT there is at Hamilton Palace of late eighteenth century date must have been brought there by Elizabeth Gunning's younger son, the eighth Duke, who died in the closing days of the century. Sheraton furniture was not appreciated by his successors, and much of it was relegated to the garrets whence it is now being retrieved. The Duke must have taken rather a wholesale view of bedroom furnishings, for there is large repetition of the same models. For instance, a semicircular dressing-table was repeated at

least six times. It has segmented cupboards at the ends, and a centre one recessed for the convenience of the sitter. Behind that the looking-glass works up and down. Some of the examples are veneered in light wood with darker bands, while others are painted, green tones predominating (Fig. 10). There are borders to imitate beading, and wreaths and swags of ribbon-tied leafage. To match the dressing-tables chairs were provided in quantity. Two armchairs very slightly differentiated are illustrated (Fig. 9). They have broad, comfortable seats and almost circular backs,

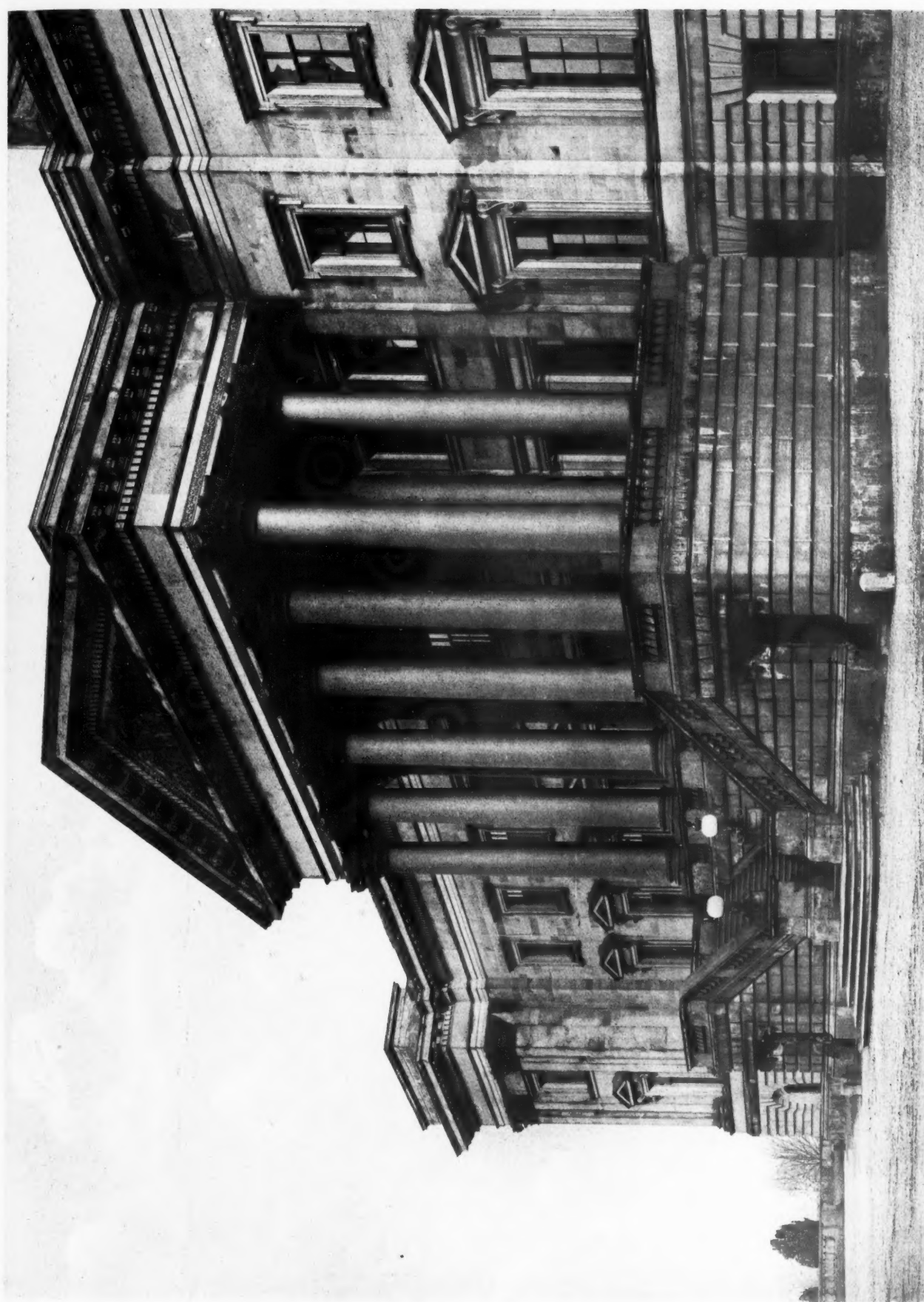
both stuffed. The tapering legs are either fluted or enriched with the same leaf strig that appears on the dressing-table legs. Round the arms the same motif is twisted. This furniture is simple but elegant, and so strong that it has stood lengthened wear under rough and unappreciated conditions. Similar, but a little more ornate and made of mahogany, are some shield-back chairs (Fig. 13) that had found their way to the housekeeper's room together with an extremely elegant little satinwood flap table (Fig. 17). The legs are banded with dark wood, and there is a broad, almost black band running round the top forming the background for a severely classical honeysuckle ornament. *En suite* with this is a large side table (Fig. 12) rather more enriched. The legs are more elaborately banded, and are topped with rosettes. They support a frame arranged as a dark wood frieze with a variant of the honeysuckle motif. The top has a shell and also the same honeysuckle band as the flap table. Another very similar flap table is designed for games (Figs. 15 and 16). The centre of the top slides, and its reverse side is inlaid as a chessboard,



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1.—IN THE PORTICO LOOKING EAST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



'COUNTRY LIFE.'

2. CENTRE OF THE NORTH FRONT.

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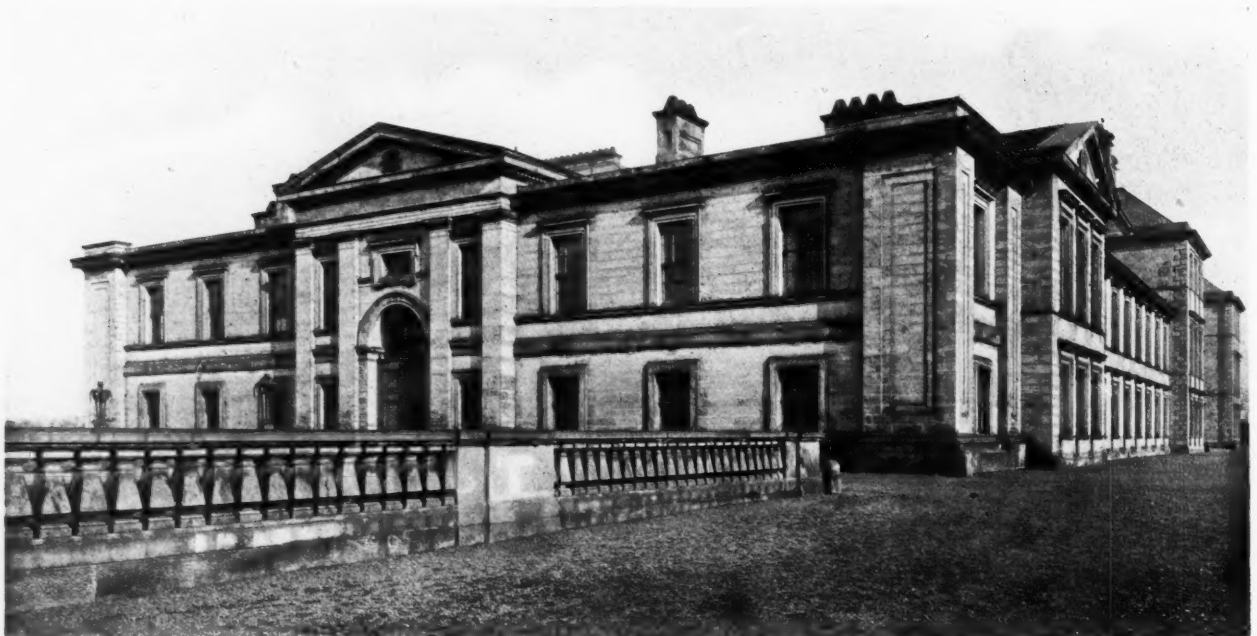
3.—THE PALACE FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

while the sunk space is set out for backgammon. This contrivance dates from the end of the seventeenth century, one such having belonged to Pepys, but the style of the Hamilton Palace example places it a hundred years later.

Neither of Elizabeth Gunning's Douglas sons had male issue, so that when the younger one died in 1799 he was succeeded by an uncle, already an elderly man residing at Ashton Hall in Lancashire, which had come to him from his Gerrard grandmother. There he principally remained during the score of years during which he enjoyed the Dukedom, so that Hamilton Palace has no history during his time. But with his son came the moment of its expansion and splendour. Alexander Hamilton was born in 1767, and was of sufficient importance in Whig politics to be appointed Ambassador to Russia in 1806. But his leanings were towards sumptuous building and art collecting. As a young man he had been much in Italy, and in 1810 he married his cousin german, Susan Euphemia Beckford, "one of the handsomest women of her time," in Lord Malmesbury's opinion. She was the younger daughter of William Beckford, who at the time of the marriage had not yet finished spending the Alderman's millions on the building of Fonthill and

the purchase of valuable pictures, books and ornaments. From him his son-in-law took his cue as soon as the Hamilton estates came to him in 1819. The home of the family—the "Orchard" of the 1445 charter—when reconstructed by the second Earl of Arran was called Palace, he being Regent, Duke of Chatelherault and heir-presumptive to the Scottish throne. But after his time it again became known as Castle, while the word House was usual in the eighteenth century. But Alexander, tenth Duke of Hamilton, had a very high opinion of his importance. "He firmly believed that as the descendant of the regent Arran he was the true heir to the throne of Scotland." Once more the term Palace became appropriate, and the building must be made worthy of the dweller. "About 1825" is the date given for the commencement of the operations. Although a Glasgow architect named Hamilton was employed, the position of designer in chief was no doubt assumed by the Duke himself, who took as his model the scheme prepared for his grandfather by William Adam (Fig. 6). Fortunately, he satisfied himself with half that scheme, and did not touch James Smith's south front. The narrow, far-projecting wings—a legacy, as already suggested, from the Elizabethan house—evidently shocked William Adam's more classic taste. He



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4.—THE OFFICE QUADRANGLE.

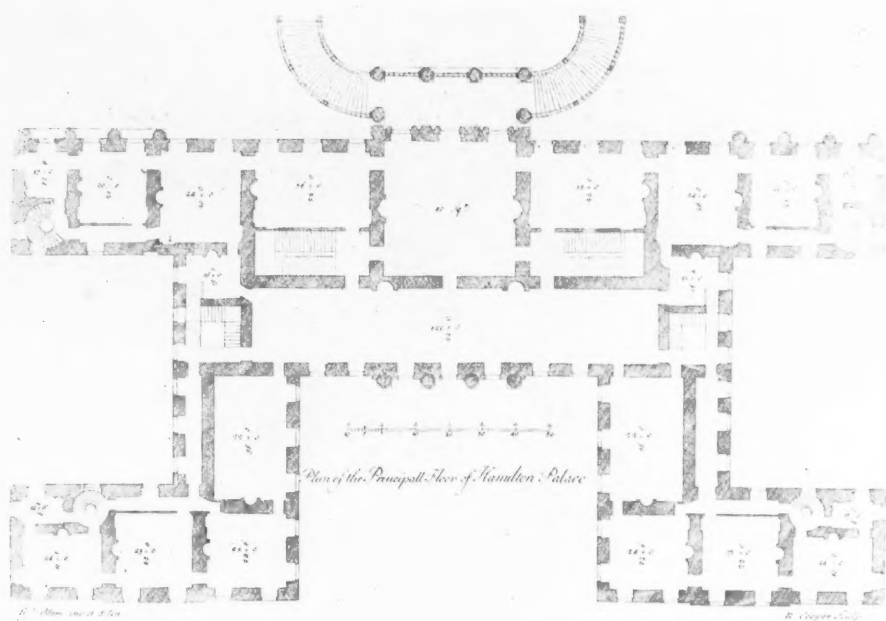
"COUNTRY LIFE."

proposed reducing them by one half, destroying three of the charmingly decorated main floor rooms on each side, and extending the stump east and west to a six-window length. Thus his south side would have reached the measurement of 260ft., which he proposed for his entirely new north front. Here a great pedimented portico stood forth from the centre with curved stairways descending from each side. Slightly projecting three-windowed wings occupied the ends. Centre and ends had lofty round-headed windows on the principal floor, those along the intervening space having alternate curved and pointed pediments. A balustrade, with vases topping the plinths, crowned the walls. As carried out by the tenth duke (Fig. 3) the end wings were narrowed to a single window flanked by twin pilasters, the windows were pedimented all along, and even greater size and projection was given to the portico, the descent from which was placed in front and not at the sides (Fig. 2). Huge monoliths (Fig. 1) form the columns, of which the capitals are of an elaborated Corinthian type, stretching outwards rather excessively at the top. Adam's design—which rather closely resembles another which he prepared for Hopton House—is certainly preferable, but considering the period of its erection, the work of the tenth duke and of his Glasgow architect is commendably good. With the lower quadrangle of offices (Fig. 4), that faces a similar quadrangle of stabling, we get a group of impressive size and dignity, not unduly heavy for its mass, while the detail is well thought out and the ornament is used with restraint and discretion. As a dwelling-house Hamilton Palace may be out of harmony with actuality—even for convalescing or pensioned miners, as Mr. Smillie weirdly suggested—but as a public building it is quite in character and would rank high. The stone of which it is built is of size and excellence to make removal and re-erection elsewhere feasible and advantageous.

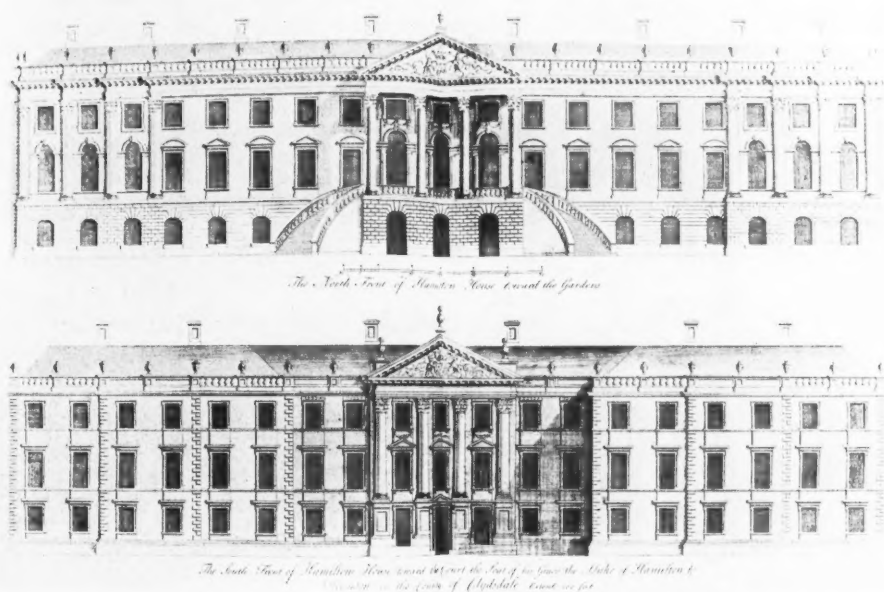
Not only for the elevation did the tenth duke have recourse to the plans of William Adam, who had arranged to enter from the portico a great "sallon" 40ft. in cube (Fig. 5). The present stone hall (Fig. 8) is clearly a derivative from it, but although it has merit it is not an improvement. The doorways and fireplaces to east and west are insignificant and crushed in between the big twin pilasters. Adam set single pilasters all round, leaving ample space between for pedimented door cases and lofty monumental chimneypieces. There were no secondary half pilasters supporting an intervening entablature and suggesting a hesitancy as to whether a single or a two-storeyed effect should be produced, but above the high doorways were roundels for busts enframed with floral swags. The ceiling was a simple cove, so deep as to be almost domical. It rose from behind a big cornice which the great pilasters really supported, whereas those of the stone hall fail to give the impression that they carry the entablature. Yet the general effect is good, and there is skilled craftsmanship in the carving of the splendid stone

that forms the substance of the walls. A very ambitiously designed set of chairs find place here (Fig. 14). They still show the survival of the Empire style, but the good and telling lines of the French makers and even of our own late Sheraton and Hope designs are lost. The open-mouthed sea monster that forms the back supports is eccentric, and the lion-headed twist is a haphazard and unco-ordinated connection between the arm and the leg. The set, however, while representative of our furniture output after Waterloo, is individual in its composition and fine in its workmanship.

The tenth duke did not adopt Adam's scheme of manifold but unimportant staircases, but used a great space next to



5.—WILLIAM ADAM'S PROPOSED PLAN.



6.—WILLIAM ADAM'S ELEVATIONS FOR RECONSTRUCTING HAMILTON PALACE.

Prepared for the fifth duke about 1730, but never carried out.

his stone hall for one of great amplex and costly material (Fig. 7). It is entirely constructed of his favourite black marble. The treads are boldly moulded underneath and the balusters are carved with acanthus leaf. The gallery or landing, to which the two flights lead and which connects the stone hall with the eastern drawing-rooms, is likewise of marble, and is supported by caryatides thus described and valued in the original inventory for fire insurance:

The 2 Immense Bronze Colossal Figures and Caryatides  
with Cyphers and Panels in do do .. .. £3000 0 0

Another example of ducal costliness was the side table (Fig. 11) constructed for the "new dining Saloon" which



Copyright.

7.—THE BLACK MARBLE STAIRCASE.  
*The date 1838 appears on one of the overdoors.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—THE STONE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

occupies the west end of the north building.

The Magnificent large Pietra Dura marble Table with thick Verde Antique moulding round ditto. Supported on 3 Finely Sculptured marble Standards 13' 6" long 6ft wide £4000 . 0 . 0

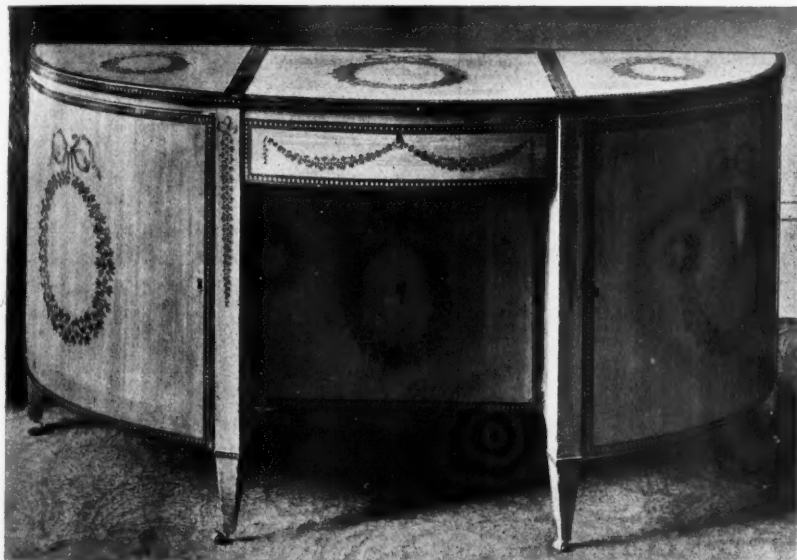
There already existed a subsidiary court of office on the west side of the main building, but this was reconstituted by the tenth duke, and a considerable part of the upper floor, entered from the second little oak wainscoted room, he devoted to a T-shaped top-lit gallery to hold his father-in-law's famous library. William Beckford was only eleven when his father's death in 1770 gave him not only a fine house and estate, but a sum of ready money equal to, if not greater than, that possessed by any Englishman of his day. On reaching manhood he spent most of his time abroad, his "Portuguese Letters" of 1787 giving



Copyright.

9.—PAINTED SHERATON ARMCHAIRS. CIRCA 1780.

"C.L."



10.—A PAINTED SHERATON DRESSING-TABLE. CIRCA 1780.

*At the back is seen the slot in which the looking-glass works up and down.*

a vivid picture of his princely mode of action and travel. Ten years later we find him at Lausanne buying Gibbon's library and shutting himself up like a hermit to read it. Then he settled down at Fonthill, where he first altered and then abandoned his father's great house. On another site he began, with James Wyatt's assistance, the creation of the fanciful "Abbey," of which the 300ft. high tower showed a persistent unreadiness to remain standing. Building and buying books and objects of vertu, he spent the next twenty years of his life seeing little company beyond a few dependent intimates. It was during that time that his daughters married, the one against his wish, so that she was never forgiven, the other to his satisfaction to the heir of the Hamilton dukedom, so that she became his heiress. There was not, however, any very large fortune to inherit. By 1822 the aldermanic millions had melted away, so that Fonthill and most of its contents had to be sold. The priceless books, however, and certain choice pictures and curios were saved

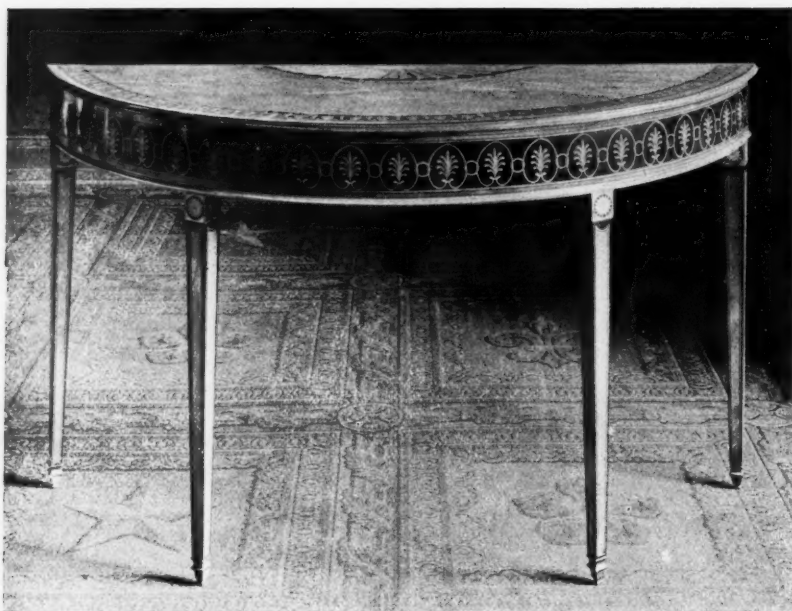


Copyright.

11.—A MARBLE TABLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

*Valued by the tenth duke at £4,000. Length 13ft. 6ins.; width 6ft.*



12.—A SHERATON SATINWOOD AND INLAID SIDE TABLE. CIRCA 1780.

from the wreck and transferred to Lansdowne Terrace at Bath, where their owner lived till his death in 1844 at the age of eighty-five. It will have been after that that the Beckford Library at Hamilton Palace was built and fitted. The books are gone, their sale at Sotheby's in 1882 creating as much interest as that of the objects of art at Christie's. Besides the bookcases, space was left in the library for four pictures which remain there. There are four fireplaces, one at each of the ends of the T, and one at the centre of the top. The mantelpieces are low and in the manner of plinths, from which rise marble columns framing a space into which full length portraits fit. The father of the alderman is by an unknown artist, but the alderman himself is by Reynolds, and his

grand-daughter by Phillips. The gem, however, is William Beckford by Romney. It represents him as a handsome man in the prime of life. It is quite admirable in pose, delineation and colour. It arrests the attention at once by its strength and charm. But when the insurance valuation was made, soon after his death, it did not rank in value with bronze caryatides or pietra dura tables, as the following extract shows:

Beckford Library Paintings.

Her Grace—Phillips .. ..	£50 . 0 . 0
The late Mr. Beckford—Romney ..	£80 . 0 . 0
Alderman Beckford—Sir J. Reynolds	£100 . 0 . 0
Governor of Jamaica .. ..	£50 . 0 . 0

The tenth duke attached as much importance to how he should be housed after death as in life. The tradition that the mausoleum, which rises up from the gardens, cost a quarter of a million is probably an exaggeration, but undoubtedly the sum spent on it was immense. When church and houses had been set further away by the fifth duke, that portion of the old church where the Hamiltons were buried was retained. This, however, the tenth duke swept away, removing his ancestors to the vaults of the new mausoleum. For himself he reserved a quite separate section high up, and then looked about for an adequate coffin. An Egyptian sarcophagus was obtained, but that is now in the lower hall of the Palace; another one afterwards being procured which, though now proclaimed inferior by Egyptologists, was preferred by the "very Duke of very Duke" who lies in some danger that the earth's crust, enfeebled by proximate mining, may fail to bear the ponderous mass of this huge place of sepulture.

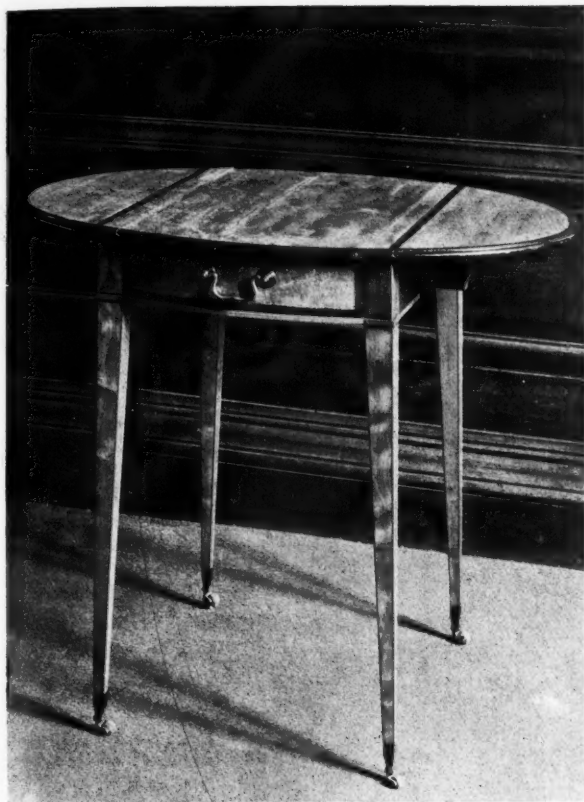
Dying in 1852, the tenth duke was succeeded by his only son, who, by his marriage with Princess Marie of Baden, became a cousin and friend to Napoleon III and spent much time in Paris, where he died in 1863. His son was the third



13.—MAHOGANY SHIELD-BACK ARMCHAIR. CIRCA 1780.



14.—MAHOGANY ARMCHAIR. One of a large set in the stone hall. English, late Empire style, probably not made until George IV's reign. The craftsmanship is fine, but the design, although original, shows decline.



15.—SMALL SHERATON FLAP TABLE WITH SLIDING AND REVERSIBLE TOP. CIRCA 1780.



16.—THE SAME TABLE WITH TOP REVERSED AND OPEN, SHOWING CHESS AND BACKGAMMON BOARDS.

successive duke whose expenditure tended to outrun his means. Hence the sales of 1882, since which time the Palace has not been very much inhabited. Leaving a daughter only, the Palace and the Lanarkshire estate went with the titles to the present duke, descended from a younger son of the duke who had a fatal duel with Lord Mohun in 1712.

The present owner of the Palace rightly prefers a house of moderate size, and, now that it is no longer needed as a naval hospital, resides at Dungavel, a house on the moors



17.—A SHERATON SATINWOOD AND INLAID FLAP TABLE. CIRCA 1780.

about fifteen miles from Hamilton. Thus the Hamilton family remains seated in the region where they began to play a part as early as the days of Robert Bruce. The exaggerated grandeur of the great magnate of a century ago makes no appeal; yet, as a matter of sentiment, it is not only those immediately concerned to whom the passing away of a "stately house," with all its material splendour and manifold traditions, is a matter of real regret.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## IN THE GARDEN

### NEW HYBRID IRISES.

IN June of 1917 Mr. Eden Phillpotts, writing in *COUNTRY LIFE* in praise of the great June irises, concluded: "Man has availed himself of the great laws of evolution in mightier matters than the iris; but in no theatre of his unsleeping efforts has he created purer beauty or wakened for flower lovers a truer joy than among the bearded irises of June." The tall June-flowering irises have, indeed, been much improved by hybridisation, and they are coming rapidly into favour. The same may be said of the intermediate iris, *Gerde*, a lovely creamy yellow, and *Peter the Great*, a rich violet blue and royal purple, which might be taken as representatives of this delightful group. This group of irises are a happy instance of the hybridist skill. Having the delightful early iris *pumila* and the later *germanica* as parents, the offspring are intermediate in season and precede the bearded irises of June. Great progress has been made with the latter group and the varieties now crossed and recrossed as follows, so that a new system of classification has been adopted. It is a simple system, governed by the time of flowering of the bearded irises of April, May and June. The finest of

all are the tall June flowering varieties. In a normal season this classification is easy to follow, but this year the early varieties are late and the late varieties early, with the result that they were all flowering together.

The summer irises have an old-world charm, and so long as this is preserved we shall have no fault to find with the hybridist; but there is a tendency on the part of some hybridists to develop the size of the flowers at the expense of grace and form. There is one new variety to which we take exception; it is named *Clematis*, in which the standards open out like the falls of the flower. The flowers appear like those of a large six-petalled clematis, hence its varietal name. All six segments of the flower reflex horizontally, and the standards are bearded like the falls. But why turn half a flower inside out? and why produce a beard where there should be no beard? Does not the iris owe much of its charm to its beautiful curves and the natural outline of its flowers?

*Iris Sibirica*.—This graceful iris is never so happy as when growing by the water's edge. It has grassy foliage and the flowers are various shades of blue with white marking. There

are many varieties, but we will mention two of the most remarkable, viz., *Orientalis Emperor*, a noble form, of Japanese origin—it came to this country, we believe, by accident, with an importation of *iris sibirica*. The falls are large and the whole flower is of a deep violet blue. The other variety to which we draw attention is *Snow Queen*, a lovely form of snowy whiteness, having a rich golden blotch; it has been in cultivation a few years and has now found its way into many gardens. This section is one of the best for cutting or for planting by the waterside.

#### TWELVE BEARDED IRISES.

There is a tendency among garden lovers to devote some part of the garden entirely to irises. The result is most pleasing, for so long as the groups are developed on natural lines, the irises blend together in harmony, providing rich colour effects between tulip time and rose time. The beautiful and well known *iris pallida Dalmatica* is still one of the finest of the flag irises, and *I. pallida Celeste*, with pale silvery blue standards and lavender falls, is good for massing. In making a selection of the best bearded irises we must, however, harden our hearts and dismiss with a blessing some of the old irises that have done service for many years. Here is an attempt to name the twelve varieties that have appealed most strongly to us this season.

**Phyllis Bliss.**—We place this first by virtue of its colour—orchid mauve—and its perfect form in outline and length of the falls. It is an aristocrat of the section and the most fascinating variety we have ever seen. It was raised by that prince among iris raisers, Mr. Bliss, and named after his niece.

**Dawn.**—Yellow irises of good form are none too plentiful in this section. The flowers are of a beautiful blend of sulphur and orange, much finer than *flavescens* and of untold value for colour effect when grouped among the mauve purples.

**Gold Crest.**—There is nothing to equal this variety in its colour "with a rare beard like a flash of fire on the purple fall."

**Eldorado.**—The style arms in clear gold and the bright violet falls give to this beautiful iris a touch of rich colour distinct from all others.

**Rodney.**—A new seedling with deep steel blue flowers of refined appearance. The flowers are borne with great freedom; it is sure to be a great favourite when better known.



IRIS SIBIRICA BY THE WATER'S EDGE.

**Dominion.**—No new iris has created greater interest than this. The rich blue flowers are of heavy build, large, erect and well developed. The flowers were not open in time for Derby Day, but were seen in their full glory two days later. The falls of the flowers unfold at the base to a deep rich indigo-purple velvet. It is indeed an important-looking flower, and in the opinion of leading iris specialists it is regarded as the finest bearded iris in cultivation at the present time.

**Sweet Lavender.**—A study in lavender and pale purple with branching habit to the ground level, flowering with great freedom. For garden effect it is indispensable.

**Morwell.**—This may be justly described as an improved *Caterina*. A giant self in pale blue purple.

**Ed. Michel.**—An improved *Caprice*. A tall variety of imposing appearance, it is the best of the so-called "red" *pallidas*.

**Lord of June.**—A noble iris produced by that veteran raiser, Mr. Yeld of York. The standards are lavender blue, and the falls rich violet blue.

**Neptune.**—By the same raiser. A giant in stature, exceeding 4ft. when well grown, with pale blue standards and rich dark purple, wide-spreading falls.

**Transplanting Irises.**—Just a timely word of advice on planting irises. A good time for transplanting is soon after they have finished flowering—the next day, if possible. This enables the plants to make sufficient root and growth to ensure successful flowering during the following year. It is advisable with bearded irises to lift them and transplant every third or fourth year. If it is impossible to plant now, they may be moved quite successfully in the autumn and spring. Plant shallow, in any good garden

soil. The above-mentioned iris succeed in moderately moist ground, but enjoy getting thoroughly dry at the root after flowering. A very delightful garden can be made with nothing but irises. The tall bearded iris of June should be planted in masses in herbaceous borders, on slopes and by the sides of lakes and waterways, not too near the edge.

H. C.



IRIS PALLIDA CELESTE.

It was raised by Mr. W. R. Dykes of Charterhouse, Godalming, and it is one of the most beautiful productions in the whole genus.

**Alcazar.**—A magnificent variety that owes much of its charm and noble bearing to its branching habit and well proportioned flowers. It is a giant in growth and the flowers are deep violet with bronze-veined throat.

# MIDDLE AGE

By V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

**I**N our brighter moments, when young, we chant triumphantly with some chosen contemporary,

We shall surely die :  
Must we needs grow old ? . . .  
Not you and I ?  
We shall surely die !

or words to that effect. When, on the other hand, we have been crossed in love or suffer from a cold in the head, we announce with intensity that we feel old. The one thing that it never occurs to us to say we feel, simply because it never occurs to us to feel it, is middle-aged.

But as the late twenties slip treacherously from under our feet, and we realise that, after all, we have not died, it becomes necessary to readjust our point of view. The simplest way to do this is to assure ourselves that although we may be thirty we are still young. So we begin with tentative smiles to refer to ourselves as "getting on"; not because we believe it, but for the comfort of hearing our friends repudiate the ridiculous suggestion.

The thirties, however, are far more slippery customers than even the last of the twenties, and not the most devoted of friends and contemporaries can stave off from us for ever the knowledge that, if old age is not yet upon us, youth has indubitably fled. That knowledge, some time between thirty and, say, forty-five (for middle age is not a date, but a spirit, and so cannot be pinned down to a particular year) is suddenly ready to stab us round any corner. A young man, arranging his forces for party or picnic, places us without hesitation among the goats of age instead of with the lambs of youth; or a child pausing, keen-eyed, in the midst of a romp with us, observes casually: "Your hair's grey"; or a stranger unconsciously makes it plain that he sees us only by the cold stare of middle-aged actuality, and not against the soft background of youth that is ever present to the eyes of old friends, with whom we have a sort of unspoken compact:

And you? Be all your thoughts of me  
A little gentler than the truth,  
Because of what we used to be  
(And are no more, O days of youth!)

One of these or of a hundred other possible chances falls, and the thing is done. That which we swore should never be has come to pass; the hungry generations have trodden us down before we have had time to die. And then the floods go over our heads.

Later, when we have had time to recover from that first moment of panic realisation, we put a braver face on the matter, and resolve somehow to fight a way creditably through this abomination of desolation. After all, we are not the first to negotiate it; there must be maps, guides, signposts; the wisdom of the ages must have stored-up advice on which we can draw; we begin to look for it.

And, behold, it is not! Searching the scriptures of poetry and prose, we find that remarks upon age may be likened to Saul who slew his thousands, and upon youth to David who slew his ten thousands; but middle age?—there is something rather like a conspiracy of silence on the subject. Nobody issues to those shivering on the far edge of youth the invitation: "Grow middle-aged along with me." The poet may ask:

Ah, what shall I be at fifty,  
Should Nature keep me alive?

(observe again the incredulity of youth on the latter point) but he does not answer his own question except with a general implication that he will find the world considerably more bitter than he does at twenty-five—which we all know already. "I clung hard to that entrancing age," confesses Stevenson: "but, with the best will, no man can be twenty-five for ever. . . . I saw, and indeed my friends informed me, that the game was up." Exactly; but when we go on to demand, "Yes; and then?" we have to be content with the most general of directions.

But who could have foretold  
That the heart grows old?

enquires Mr. Yeats with haunting iteration; and when we have recovered from the tears of things in the words, we are inclined to reply with a sense of injury, "Well, we don't know, but we rather think it is the middle-aged."

"Your old men shall dream dreams," asserts Joël, "your young men shall see visions"; and whether, as Bacon discusses, "young men are admitted nearer to God than old, because vision is a clearer revelation than a dream," the fact remains that neither Joël nor Bacon assigns any spiritual activity whatever to the middle-aged. This is disconcerting until we remember that, after all, no man can be old without first having been middle-aged; it then becomes a question only of discovering the path.

Two paths, rather; for the most casual review of the old people we know makes it plain that they cannot all have travelled

by the same road. In youth our personal attributes are not our only asset, for youth itself has a charm that is like sunlight in its power to transfigure the dullest scene (witness the myriad easy friendships of youth that bore us to tears once that sunlight has vanished from them); but in age we are either lovely and pleasant in our lives as the result of our own efforts, or we are not lovely and pleasant at all. And most of the old people that any of us know are not lovely and pleasant at all. They are not age alone, but age crabbled with wise saws and jagged with modern instances; their only movement consists in following an ever widening circle of habits, and their only horizon is the past. They are dead, that is to say; and so far, so bad.

Well, yes; but when did they die? That is the point that concerns the enquirer. And who or what killed the cock-robin of youth in them? Obviously it was the slow, insidious poison of middle age—middle age which is the dangerous age *par excellence*, the afternoon of life, when it is so agreeable to take a mental and spiritual nap, and so difficult to realise that what begins with winks at forty will end, like the sleep of the snowbound traveller, with death.

The "soldier, full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard," is still undoubtedly alive; but the few short years that turn him into "the justice, in fair round belly with good capon lin'd" have also carried him into the region of death, never to re-emerge.

And evidently (judging by the shortage of old people that any of us like) it is not easy to avoid his fate. Pitfalls abound, and all of them, apparently, are graves that we ourselves industriously dig for the spirit of youth. Habits, for instance. When somebody for the first time points out that we are in possession of a habit, we rather plume ourselves on it. It is not only that habits are a novelty to us personally, but also that they minister to the passionate longing which is in each of us to be marked out from the general run of our fellows. For we are all secretly appalled by our similarity to one another, and so we encourage our habits as things that express our difference, assert our individuality. But, of course, they don't; they simply reprove our likeness. Only, by the time we find this out, it is too late; we no longer possess our habits because our habits possess us.

Then, also, there is King Charles' head to avoid. This object, which begins as a mere drawing-room ornament, ends by being the only furniture in the house, so that all our friends flee to more comfortable quarters. And he who loses friendship loses youth.

Stories are another danger. The minds of most old people are a series of pigeon-holes; everything is very neatly arranged, but once we have been through the contents we lose interest in them. For all the pigeon-holes are full; there is no room for the insertion or generation of a single new idea; all that the owner can do is to turn out some item of the old stock and reduce his company to the silence of despair. But it is no good telling old people about this; their own impression is that they are "for ever piping songs for ever new." No; if we want to escape the story-telling disease ourselves, we must not wait until we are old; we must check its incipient ravages in middle age, and live by some such rule as that "what I say three times is rotten."

A similar ageing effect resides in opinions. As an attractive vagabond in one of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' novels has it: "The useful man . . . don't deal in opinions; he's got nought but ideas. . . . Opinions be the letter that kills, my son; and ideas be the spirit that quickens."

That quickening spirit!—how are we to keep it safe from the creeping paralysis—the sleeping-sickness of the years between youth and age? There are no rules for the guidance of those about to be middle-aged; we seek in vain a manual entitled: "A Hundred and One Hints For A Long Twenty-Nine," or a treatise on "How To Be Happy Though Forty."

And so most of us in middle age sink, somnolent and unresisting, into fatty degeneration of the soul; a few, in their efforts to remain young in spirit, achieve instead a strained, unnatural friskiness very painful for young and old to witness; and only a handful surprise the secret of the land

Where nobody gets old or crafty or wise,  
Where nobody gets old or godly or grave,  
Where nobody gets old or bitter of tongue,  
And where kind tongues bring no captivity.

Now and then they describe it; but what we want is something more definite about its latitude and longitude. We do not get it; prophets, priests and poets unite in refusing details, and it is mean of them. Alone and inexperienced, unsupported by thoughts from the classics or gems from the best authors, each of us at the approach of middle age has to steer his own course as best he may between the Scylla of fossilisation and the Charybdis of kittenishness.

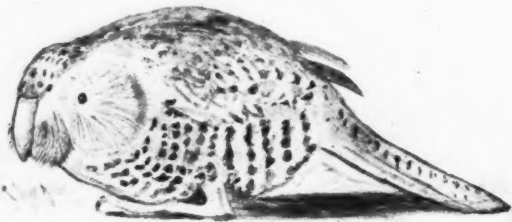
## NATURE NOTES

## THE OWL PARROT

IT is always interesting to compare the first published description of a given beast or bird with later accounts, for in many cases the revised version differs markedly from its forerunner. Thus the aberrant, chisel-toothed aye-aye of Madagascar originally ranked as a rodent instead of a lemur; the famous okapi of the Congo was once thought to be some new species of zebra. Mantell's apteryx was first known from a feather-cloak, supposed to indicate the existence of an emu or cassowary in New Zealand; even the dodo has

survive more than two years, the bird in question lived till October 3rd, 1915—an eloquent tribute to the care that had been lavished upon it. This concludes the record; the writer has never seen the owl parrot in any Continental zoo, nor its name in any dealer's list. The egg is white, ovato conical in form; a specimen now before the writer recalls that of a pigeon. Dr. Lyall of H.M.S. *Acheron* was the first to study the breeding habits and obtain an egg, which will be found figured in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society for 1852.

GRAHAM RENSCHAW.



THE GREEN BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND.

been classed as an aberrant vulture. Similarly, the subject of the present notice was considered by its discoverer, Ernest Dieffenbach, to be a new species of *Centropus* cuckoo; he, however, only knew it from its tail feathers, and on arrival of skin specimens in Europe the error was evident. The earliest examples sent over arrived in 1847, when a skin was purchased by the British Museum Trustees for £24, a second specimen being sent the same year to the Paris Museum by M. Jules Verreaux.

The writer has studied two living individuals of this rare and almost extinct parrot. Although quaint, it is very beautiful and interesting. The head is rounded; in spite of the facial disc, the expression is not very owl-like, the eye being no larger than in other parrots; the neck is sturdy, passing gradually into the robust, rotund body. The plumage is soft, but the wings and tail are well developed; although the bird is flightless, this is due rather to weakness in the quills than to any lack of feathering. Normal owl parrots are bright sap green above, suffused with yellow underneath, the feathers during life being glazed with a beautiful waxy gloss, as if enamelled, reminding the observer of the bloom on a ripened fruit. "It is known to the sealers by the name of the green bird of New Zealand," wrote Mr. Strange to John Gould in 1847, and no name could be more appropriate to this beautiful creature, arrayed in its emerald vesture like a garland of its own native moss. Half this attractiveness vanishes with the life of the bird; museum skins, dull and faded, give but little idea of the true appearance of the owl parrot.

Although correctly classified at the foot of the parrot family, the present species is in no sense a connecting link between these birds and the owls: the facial disc and soft plumage are but superficial characters, and the owl-like attitudes one sees assigned to the species in works on popular natural history have been drawn by would-be "illustrators" who have obviously never seen the bird in life. The small eyes alone differentiate the owl parrot sharply from almost every other nocturnal creature, this feature being all the more remarkable in that birds that are but semi-nocturnal, such as plovers, frequently have large, well-developed eyes. In habits also the owl parrot differs from the owls, for it is far more strictly nocturnal than they are, being fairly wrapped in sleep throughout the day, while aviary observations have shown that owls will often voluntarily leave their shelter-house to bask in the sunshine.

When turned out of its straw in the daytime, the owl parrot reminds one of an apteryx as it runs heavily forward, its head lowered and extended, while the wings act as balancers, being either raised or merely extended from the sides of the body. Both wings are raised together, unlike the method of the flightless rhea, which, in running, elevates one wing only. If held, the bird utters a curious grunt, but offers no other resistance; when released it runs into a dark corner, squatting down on the tarsi or "hocks." Occasionally it stands bolt upright, stiff and absurdly dignified, supported by its pliable, elastic tail quills. The owl parrot climbs well, and can scramble up wire netting, assisted by its ever-useful tail.

Early attempts to import the owl ended in disaster; it was not till 1870 that the first living specimen was seen in England. Five others followed at intervals, and finally on June 10th, 1911, a seventh was safely installed in a special compartment of the parrot house. This last individual broke all records for longevity in confinement; for whereas the species had been reputed difficult to keep, none having been known to

## SOME CUCKOO QUESTIONS.

Seebohm maintained that the mobbing of the cuckoo by other birds is due to its resemblance to a hawk, but there are several points which make one chary of accepting this theory. Among my friends is an old Scottish naturalist who had wide opportunities of studying the cuckoo when he was a herd in Kincardineshire; and on more than one occasion he watched small birds mob a cuckoo so strenuously that they caused it to break the egg which it was carrying. It is surely a fair inference that this was the main object of the mobbing. My own theory is that there is among all insectivorous birds and some of the graminivorous species (which more rarely are used as foster-parents by the cuckoo) a natural inherited instinct against the methods of the cuckoo as being contrary to what we should call public morality and family life, "which is the backbone of the community." While this seems the most feasible explanation, it does not account for the fact that birds which are rarely, if ever, used as foster-parents will sometimes join in the mobbing.

I have seen a cuckoo chivvied by a rook and also by a lapwing. It is just possible that they mistook it for a hawk, but that brings up again a bigger question—very fascinating but scarcely capable of solution: How far do birds know one another? Another point about the cuckoo which remains an interesting mystery, but which should be soluble by patient experiment and "ringing," is whether the cuckoo which lays a blue egg in a hedge-sparrow's nest is the parent of a line of blue-egg cuckoos, and whether the cuckoo which uses the robin as a foster-mother begets a line of brown-egg cuckoos. More evidence regarding the proportion between the sexes would also be valuable, and there is always the possibility that an instance may be found of a female cuckoo hatching her own eggs.

E. A. C.

## A HEALTHY APPETITE.

The voracity of a rook is proverbial, but recently I have had tangible evidence of the bird's marvellous appetite. Some weeks ago a

village boy brought me a nestling of this species—a quaint, gargoyle-like looking creature—and ever since then most of the household have been kept busy in attempting to satisfy its hunger! Wishing to ascertain the exact amount it was really capable of consuming during the course of a day, on three occasions I carefully weighed the bird and the food given to it. From the nestling's appearance when it was handed to me on April 28th I should imagine it was hatched about the 20th or 21st of that month. This being so, it was about ten days old when I carried out the first experiment on May 3rd. At eight a.m. on that day the young rook weighed precisely 9½oz., and between that hour and nine p.m. it consumed 30z. of bread and milk, or approximately .32 of its own weight. The next test was on May 10th, the bird being about seventeen days old, and it then turned the scale at 11½oz. During the day it ate



ASKING FOR THE TENTH OUNCE

4½ oz. of a mixed diet, or approximately .37 of its own weight. The third, and final, test was on the 18th, when the bird was about twenty-five days old. It now weighed 12½ oz., and during the day consumed just over 10 oz. of food (raw meat, scraps of egg, pudding and bread and milk), or approximately .82 of its own weight. Although these experiments were not conducted in

a strictly scientific spirit, they at least tend to prove that there is a great relative increase of the rook's appetite as it approaches adolescence. The foregoing figures, however, can only be taken as a very rough guide, for the amounts consumed must necessarily depend very largely upon the bird's state of health at the time and the nature of the food given.

C. INGRAM.

## NAPOLEON—A PLAY BY HERBERT TRENCH

THESE was no Muse of History perched above Mr. Herbert Trench's writing table when he composed *Napoleon* (Oxford University Press). Its plot is as audacious as that of Alexandre Dumas when he despatched his famous three musketeers to rescue King Charles. Mr. Trench has chosen for time that of Thomas Hardy's "Dynasts." The French are assembled at Boulogne for an invasion of England. The South Coast of England is alive with men preparing for defence, and the Channel, deprived of its usual lights, lies dark and forbidding between the two rival countries. Napoleon himself is one of the *dramatis personæ*, and moves about among the soldiers and fishermen with or without disguise. He is lured to this country in a most ingenious manner, and his dismissal from it is the culmination of the drama. We take it that the author did not set out to deal in the manner of Thomas Hardy with the chronicles of the war. It will be remembered that the novelist got up his subject most thoroughly, and that he rendered with lifelike fidelity the doings of the rustic volunteers on this side and the trained armies on the Continent. The aim there was to show that in view of what Carlyle used to call "the immensities and the eternities," even the shaking of thrones and dynasties was no more than the turmoil of ants in a million million suns. Mr. Trench is not so ambitious in one way, though it would be unfair to make comparison between his aim and that of Hardy. The two are altogether different. The younger man is obviously infected with a hatred of war, engendered or strengthened by the proceedings of the last five years. His hero, Wickham, is a philosopher of pacifist tendencies, who thinks that the secret of life lies in the discovery of an organic soul, first in ourselves, then in other human creatures, and finally even in the mysterious currents between ourselves and them. This appears to be technical jargon for what Artemus Ward called "moral suasion." It will be remembered that his famous book was written when the virtues of moral suasion were being very greatly exalted. The American cynic despatched a believer in that creed to a menagerie so that he might try it on the wild beasts. But the result was disastrous to the experimentalist. It is equally so in the case of the missionary who goes to preach the gospel of peace to Napoleon. It is altogether to the credit of the dramatist that his own personal sympathies do not figure largely in the scheme. He sets out his story and leaves others to draw the moral. In regard to the technical management of the play, much might be said in criticism, though it would not be germane to the main purpose. Hardy makes his people speak and act in consonance with the usages of the time in which they live. In this play the characters in August, 1805, speak exactly as they would be doing in August, 1919. They talk of "butting in." Napoleon himself says, with twentieth century vivacity, "Still, spare us, humour us! Indulge the official ostrich with a little, little play, in a little, little sand!" An Admiral remarks of an artist that "this prismatic polygon of a fellow wants to sparkle all round." The charming Elise asks Napoleon: "Are we just the cold statistics out of which you build your plans?" which remarks are one and all spoken according to the wit of 1919 and not of 1805. The story, too, is most incredible. But we will not dwell on that aspect because it is far more interesting to try and probe the serious object in view. As we have said, Wickham is a philosopher inclined to pacifism. He has formed a notion that if he could come into personal contact with Napoleon he could persuade him to return to the ways of righteousness and give up his militarism. Circumstances help him to the achievement of that result. Napoleon's admirals are hopeless officials who might have been caught in the War Office of to-day and taken backwards a hundred years. They would still have been old-fashioned. They have tried to map out the Channel for the guidance of the Fleet. Napoleon's description of the result might very well describe some of the reports issued in London during hostilities.

After a year's mauling, we know all about the gale of St. Lawrence that blows in mid-August; and that waves are made of water. Don't stand dazed like fawns, gentlemen! Be less swayed by terror at the sight of water! Criticisms on the embarkation I should have welcomed. You deal with the strategy of an invasion by flotilla. I am much obliged, but I can furnish all the strategy required.

But Wickham, whose father is a man of science, has taken up the cartography of the Channel with assiduity and enthusiasm. He not only has got right the tides, currents, indrafts, eddies and races to be dealt with, but has found out that every strip of shore has its pilot's rule of thumb—a point the Admirals have ignored altogether. But it will be made clear by the following extract:

NAPOLEON.—What's the rule of thumb here at Boulogne?

WICKHAM.—That here the flood comes first alongshore, and the mid-stream, out at sea, much later. For instance, that little sloop (*pointing forward, out of the window*) far outside the Baas sandbank will swing round with the flood three-quarters of an hour *later* than the boats in alongshore; not, as one would have expected, before them.

NAPOLEON.—And the pilot's local secret?

WICKHAM (*Glancing at the Admirals*).—Familiar, no doubt to these gentlemen—

ADMIRALS.—Yes: but pray explain—

WICKHAM.—Is the rate of change as one goes seaward—For every mile you sail out to sea, the flood-tide comes five minutes *later*. So your boats must allow for that slowing curve of delay: otherwise they'll be thrown into confusion.

He has got speech with Napoleon owing partly to his being half French and partly owing to the help of Elise. But the boat in which he has come over is the one referred to in the quotation and contains his two brothers, both of whom are finally captured. Napoleon, with Hunnish ferocity (that is the other side of his character), crushes the thumbs of the elder in order to make him disclose the secrets of the Channel. The younger one is taken in the boat and the Emperor permits his subordinates to play the most loathsome practices with him. The child is only twelve years old, and yet he is sent to bring in the dead body of a sailor to supper—a joke which seems highly appreciated by his captors. After one or two vain attempts he brings instead his brother, who has just escaped drowning and is mad with weariness and horror.

What will be read breathlessly must be lightly touched on here. In the end the vessel is recaptured and Napoleon gets on shore and is brought to the home of the man who has perished, and the culmination is reached when the pious, good mother aids Napoleon to escape, because she believes that would have been the wish of her son. The end of the first scene of the fourth act is the best passage in the book. Napoleon has just asked: "Why do you let me go?"

ANNE (*After a pause*).—Because we are strong enough to let you go! . . . Because you are an enemy so vital, that we can a little mock at you. . . . If you come to pass, why *ought* can come to pass. . . . If you conquer us, we can afford to laugh—for there's a madness at the root of things. . . . When my son was drowned you bade him in to supper.

. . . Well, go free! . . . Sup with that! Sup with that, until you die!

NAPOLEON (*In a low voice*).—And why so sure, Madam, why so sure?

ANNE.—Because you cannot change! Because so cold a purpose will not change! . . . And there's so deep a power set against you, that we can rest upon it. . . . All we have lost—(*Raising her arms as though to embrace an unseen host innumerable*)—all that are yet to come—are in our ranks. You are the eddy—they the tide. . . . The boatmen are waiting, sire.

Napoleon goes out.

ANNE (*Takes up the cloak and, swaying it in her arms, stands with eyes closed. She speaks as to the cloak*).—O my joy, my joy, are you satisfied?

The remainder is anti-climax. It would be unfair to pass a hasty and sweeping verdict on a work like this. To determine whether it be fustian or poetry it should be allowed to lie, if not for seven years, at least for seven months in a drawer and read again. Our impression for the moment, which may or may not be enduring, is that it bewilders by hovering between the two.

# LONDON MARKET FOR SCOTTISH ESTATES

## DEMAND FOR SEASIDE SITES

**A**MPLE proof was afforded at Hanover Square on Monday, as it has been on many previous occasions, that buyers of Scottish estates find it a great convenience to be able to bid for them in Town. Once again there was a typical company of Scotsmen, brightened, as the gallant fellows from north of the Tweed would gladly admit, by the presence of a number of ladies. Sir Howard Frank's expeditious methods of conducting an auction were never more acceptable than on Monday, when even the mercury in the thermometer in the spacious, lofty and cool hall in which he sells real estate tended to ooze out of the top of the tube. It was pleasant to be reminded of the purling streams and the umbrageous woods of Inverness-shire on such a day. Outside, all along the square, was a waiting row of motor cars, telling of a multiplicity of other engagements on the part of those who attended the sale; and, as everyone who meant business had already familiarised himself with every detail of the properties, there was no need for wading through the "articles and conditions of roup," which seem much more prolix and formidable than English documents of the same description, running, in the case of Lord Lovat's property, from "primo" to "decimo-quarto" and "ultimo," *inter alia* appointing Sir Howard Frank "Judge of the Roup," and a very good judge, too.

The first bid for Lady Portsmouth's Guisachan estate of 22,000 acres, was £50,000, but a promising advance to £58,000 was followed by the withdrawal of the property.

The four lots into which Lord Lovat's land had been divided evoked very good competition. Mr. James Dowell (Messrs. J. A. Lumley and Dowell) bought Glendoe, with the fishings, for £51,000 for Mr. Philip Noble, and also acquired Killin, at £9,000, for another client. Corriegarth was sold for £38,000, and Stronclairg remained for private treaty, when the bids were approaching £35,000. On the whole a good sale, likely to be followed soon by the announcement of private offers having been accepted for the two unsold properties.

### HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF DORSET.

When Mr. G. W. Rutter, of the firm of Messrs. Hampton and Sons, announced, at the auction of the Durlston Park estate, Swanage, that the bidding, some £31,000 for the whole estate, fell short of what he could accept the Bournemouth journalists seem to have jumped to the conclusion that the sale was practically over; at any rate, their reports conveyed that idea. What really happened was that Mr. Rutter thereupon put up the fifty-five lots, selling forty of them forthwith for £25,440, upon which the vendors and their representatives are to be congratulated, as the remaining portions should go off easily enough. Tilly Whim Caves fetched £1,200, and the Great Globe with the Castle on Durlston Head £2,000.

A long frontage to the sea some three miles from Swanage is still for sale, Captain Marston, R.N., having commissioned Messrs. H. Richards and Son to sell 2,000 acres, along with the whole village of Worth-Matavers, near Corfe Castle. Attention may be directed to the seventeenth century manor house of Bownshay, one of the farms on the estate.

### THE WEST COUNTRY AND WILD WALES.

The southern portion of Sir William Throckmorton's Molland estate in North Devon, 1,914 acres, is coming under the hammer of Messrs. Driver, Jonas and Co. in the autumn. It is a sporting and agricultural estate with plenty of trout-fishing. The firm is also offering the Abbey Cwm-hir estate, of 6,000 acres, a few miles from Llandrindod Wells and Bwlth. The mansion is near the ruins of the second largest Cistercian abbey and the resting place of Llewellyn ap Griffith. The monastery seems to have been planned on altogether too ambitious a scale, and after a stormy existence it was dissolved by Henry VIII, and much of the elaborately worked stone afterwards went to the erection of an Elizabethan house near by. Borrow seems to have missed it by a few miles, but what he would have thought and written about it is easy to imagine. Perhaps the valley of the Clywedog was not wild enough for him, or the ale not old enough.

### BRISK BUSINESS AT BATH.

Messrs. Driver, Jonas and Co.'s successful sale of the whole of the 1,365 acres of the Lansdown estate at Bath, including the racecourse, is a good augury for Mr. Joseph Stower's approaching auction on July 29th, in London, of Captain F. W. Forster's Bathwick estate in the city of Bath, 600 acres, hundreds of first-rate residences, shops and many leading hotels. It promises to be one of the events of the end of July, and a fitting prelude to that busy August which there is every reason to anticipate.

### COMMANDER BLAKE'S DANESBURY ESTATE.

Lieutenant-Commander Reginald W. Blake, R.N., has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer Danesbury, his beautiful estate of 2,000 acres at Welwyn, by auction next month. The house stands 300ft. or 400ft. above sea level in a finely timbered park, and the sporting is exceptionally good, while there are eight large farms, many small holdings

and nearly 500 acres of woodlands planned to hold a large head of game. The Hon. W. T. Whiteley is selling Middleton House, near Andover, about 1,755 acres, and here the sporting includes three and a half miles of trout fishing in the Test and its tributaries.

The sale of the outlying portions of Lady Warwick's Easton Lodge estate, Dunmow, will be held at Bishop's Stortford on July 1st by Messrs. Walton and Lee and Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons. There will be a heavy day's work if it is dealt with in lots, as the area exceeds 5,130 acres. We may be permitted to mention that all these properties are well illustrated in the announcements of the respective transactions in these columns, and to ask those who would form a correct idea of another of the properties to look at the picture (on page xv of our issue of last week) showing the drawing-room of the late Lord Swaythling's mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens. It is hard to believe that so purely rural a view can be enjoyed by a house so centrally situated as that depicted under the same heading. The Crown lease is to be sold on June 30th. Ten days later Lord Islington's Mayfair freehold, No. 8, Chesterfield Gardens, comes under the hammer. It possesses a Louis XV ballroom, an Adam dining-room and an Elizabethan library.

The firm's sales in the coming week include the freehold at Leatherhead, known as Tyrell's Wood, about 250 acres, with a house containing every modern convenience. It will be sold at Hanover Square on Tuesday next, Messrs. Charles Osenton and Co. being jointly concerned. Homewood and 45 acres at Chislehurst will be sold on the same occasion, as well as Holland House, Clacton-on-Sea, in the sale of which Messrs. Edwin J. Gilders and Co. are also acting. The Wilts estate, Bulkington, comes up locally at Devizes on Thursday next.

Debden Hall, the late Lord Strathcona's seat at Saffron Walden, a grand old Georgian house and 6,335 acres, and other estates in Messrs. Hampton and Sons' list have already been referred to in these columns. The firm has effected the private sale of a number of properties, among them Den Berg, Woking, which was submitted to auction early this month; Woodleigh, at Sevenoaks, with a couple of acres; Pratsham Grange, an old-fashioned house and 37 acres near Dorking; and the modern house and four acres, Ravenswood, Bexley.

The late Lady Dorothy Nevill lived at Dangstein, near Guildford, for many years. It is a house of great dignity in the classic style standing in the midst of an undulating park, pleasure grounds, woodlands and farms, extending altogether to 1,420 acres, some of the loveliest country between Petersfield and Midhurst. Messrs. Hampton and Sons are selling the estate.

One of the finest estates of its size in all Devon, Stevenstone at Great Torrington, awaits an offer through Messrs. Osborn and Mercer. The mansion, of singular beauty, as shown by the illustrations in these columns, stands in a deer park which has a series of ornamental lakes; and the Stevenstone Hunt kennels are on the estate, which extends to 1,880 acres.

Hill Top, the well known mansion in the Georgian style on Sunningdale golf links, will be submitted on July 9th by Messrs. Giddy and Giddy, who are acting in conjunction with Messrs. Nicholas in the sale on July 23rd of Scarlets, Twyford, an old Georgian house and 35 acres.

Messrs. Nicholas are to sell Little Park, Brimpton, near Newbury, on July 14th. Nearly a mile of exclusive trout fishing is one of its attractions.

The auction of the Charlwood Park estate at Horley will be held locally, on Wednesday next, by Messrs. Mabbett and Edge. There are 770 acres, and the five miles of road frontage include a mile along the main Brighton road. Possession of Charlwood Park and two farms may be had at Michaelmas.

On the following day, Thursday next, Messrs. Winkworth and Co. will offer Park Place, Englefield Green, on behalf of Lord Southampton. The property abuts on, and has a private gateway into Windsor Great Park, and the freehold has a total area of 15 acres. The early Jacobean and carefully restored residence, Storrington Abbey, near Pulborough, will be dealt with on July 16th by Messrs. Trollope, by order of Mr. Alfred J. Bethell. Thornhill and 17 acres at Sevenoaks come up for sale on the same occasion.

Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker have sold privately the freehold properties Dean Holme, Kilmeston, Arlesford and Haverhill, Whitchurch, the latter before auction.

A peppercorn is not a very satisfying income, but it is all that some buyers receive for a considerable period sometimes in sales of freehold ground rents, the reversion being the real objective. We are reminded of the fact when the sale of an annual income of £9 for £600 is reported to us. It was one of the eighteen lots so successfully dealt with a few days ago at an auction held by Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor of Davies Street, Berkeley Square. Of course, what the purchaser really had in view was the reversion fifty-one years hence to property at present assessed at £766 a year. Similarly with many of the other lots, which realised an aggregate of £17,755. ARBITER.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## TUBERCULIN-FREE BULLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Following my previous letters on the above matter, I thought you might consider it a matter of public interest that Mr. J. B. Manuel came here again the other day to test six young pedigree shorthorn bulls that I am exhibiting at the Royal Show at Cardiff. Again every one of them passed the test. Surely it cannot be mere coincidence that time after time Mr. Manuel comes here and tests the new young bulls ready for sale or show and all pass the test. There must be some merit in the methods of keeping them whereby each place where my cattle live has a very free circulation of air right through it from two sides or from the side and top. If this really is the solution for getting rid of tuberculosis, and those who breed bulls for sale know how far from uncommon it is to have bulls react, it does seem to me that other breeders might try the same principles and tell your readers the results of their tuberculin tests.—S. F. EDGE.

## GIFFORD'S HALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I trespass on your valuable time by pointing out an error that has occurred in the May number of your paper, in the excellent article on Gifford's Hall, Wickhambrook? The writer says its preservation and discovery were due to the now owner, Mr. A. H. Fass, and that he saved it from destruction. May I be allowed to point out this was not the case; its preservation was due to the late Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, who, on being approached with a view of purchasing the carved beams, etc., for the Museum, wrote advising me to buy it, thinking it a pity that such a beautiful specimen should be destroyed. This is alluded to in Mr. Basil Oliver's work on old houses in East Anglia. I am also sorry to see no mention of the clever young architect, Mr. Frank Jennings, who so sympathetically restored it.—SEYMOUR LUCAS.

## MATCHES AND "SPILLS."

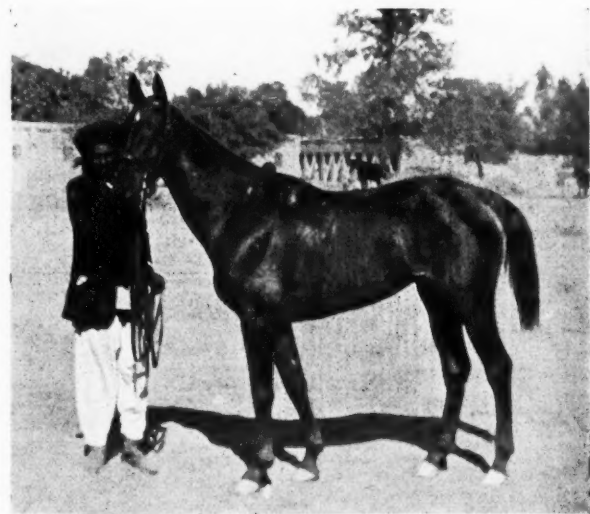
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am staying in the country. The conversation chanced to turn on matches. I mentioned that at my club they were for some time cut off altogether and that the supply of spills often ran out. My hostess said: "Have you ever seen these spills?" handing me one. It was a slight brown stem about 14 ins. long. I lit it. It burned like a wax taper with a small but quite good flame. The consumption of stem was very small. My hostess said that it was the dried stem of the Michaelmas daisy, or ox-eye. She added: "I believe any flower-stem will do, though no doubt some are better than others. But the best of all is parsley. It is 3 ft. or 4 ft. long, and you can stand one up at each side of the fireplace and get a light without stooping." Some of your readers may be glad of the information. We have, I expect, all of us learnt not to waste matches when the fire is burning, and these natural tapers are so effective and neat that I believe that it would pay tradesmen to "stock" them, possibly with the result of employment for country children. You will gather from the foregoing that I have no special interest in the match trade!—D. O.

## IN DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY-BRED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of an Indian "country-bred" pony has just come to me from the Punjab. I have always thought the country-



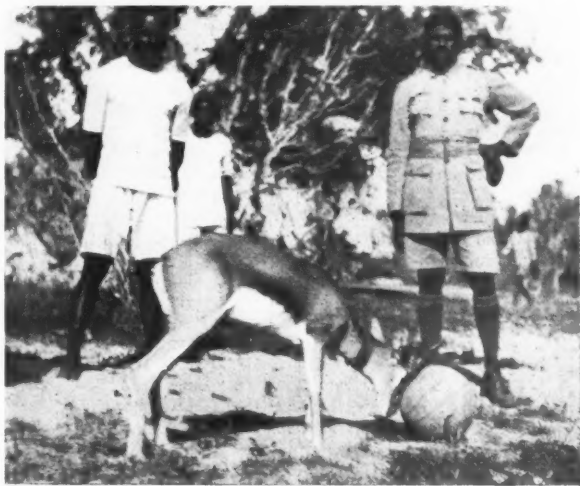
A "COUNTRY-BRED" FROM THE PUNJAB.

bred, though a useful animal, was somewhat "three-cornered," but this portrait shows a pony which, if a little light of bone, has several good points. Perhaps you may care to publish the photograph in order that it may help to correct wrong impressions in other readers of COUNTRY LIFE. I am told the pony is very fast, a fine jumper and good across country, but too hot for polo.—H. P.

## A TURKISH PET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose another photograph of the gazelle of which you published two pictures on April 19th. My son writes as follows: "I am looking forward to seeing the number with our gazelle in it. I enclose a better one of him playing football. As you see, it is on sand and the more he shoves the ball



A GAZELLE PLAYING FOOTBALL.

the more it sticks. This makes him furious." In a previous letter my son stated that when his regiment returned from Ghizeh to Palestine they marched through Cairo and the gazelle followed him through the crowded streets without a lead, much to the astonishment of the populace, and he nearly caused several accidents, as the Gypsies would look at him instead of looking where they were going. As the gazelle is one of the most timid of our wild animals, it is a remarkable instance, showing how kindness can overcome the fear of man and gain the confidence of even the most timid creature.—E. A. RAWLENCE.

## A PARROT'S ESTRANGED AFFECTIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if you or any of your correspondents could help me in the management of a green Indian parrot that I have had since January. He has always been well treated and was well behaved when I got him and grew more and more friendly till I could do just what I liked with him—could caress him and kiss him and carry him about the house on a perch. Then I went away for three weeks and on my return find him quite changed. He now pecks at one most viciously, and though he is better tempered with the maid who cleans his cage, on certain days he flies at her, too, and will not allow her to clean his perch at all. I have tried very hard to win back his affection, and I repeatedly give him titbits, and we always treat him quietly and kindly, however vicious he is. We often let him come out of the cage, but, of course, we cannot touch him at all. Perhaps some of your correspondents might be able to help me as to the best course to pursue and as to the reason of the extraordinary change in the bird. I do not know if one ought to try some punishment, and if so, what? If there was a book on the subject I should be glad to know of it and should be very grateful if you would kindly insert this letter.—M. B. BRUCE.

## CLEARING WATER OF AMERICAN WEED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I understand that an article in COUNTRY LIFE (though I do not remember seeing it) recommended sulphate of copper for clearing water of American weed. I am informed that 2½ oz. for every 10,000 gallons is required. Will you kindly say whether this is correct, also whether the treatment will injure (1) water-lilies, (2) domestic animals, (3) plants in houses of which the water supply is from the water in question? There is a fair amount of water running through the pond, so presumably the sulphate of copper would be eliminated in a short time.—W. T.

[As the result of experiments it has been found that copper sulphate is the most satisfactory chemical to use. It must, however, be used with care, for it is highly poisonous in its action; one part to 1,000,000 parts of water is sufficient to kill the algæ, but one part in 750,000 parts of water causes no injury to water-lilies nor to fish. In fact, a report from America states that goldfish and minnows live indefinitely in a concentration of one part to 200,000, whereas some of the coarser fish will stand one in 50,000 concentration; but this has proved too strong for certain delicate kinds. Copper sulphate may be applied in solution by spraying over the surface of the pond, or by tying the crystals in a canvas bag and drawing them through the water until dissolved. In the first place the holding capacity of the pond must be ascertained—the weight of the water may be taken, at about 62½ lb. to the cubic foot—and the copper sulphate used in proportion. On no account should it be used stronger than one part in 750,000 concentration.—E.D.]

## WIND AND WATER POWER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The present high cost of fuel of all kinds—and there are no indications, at any rate, of coal becoming cheaper in the near future—opens out the prospect and, indeed, necessity of utilising much more fully the resources close at hand in the form of natural forces, so long neglected. The reasons for such neglect have hitherto been principally cheapness of coal (an excuse no longer existent) and a lack of efficient means of accumulation or storage to make up for the intermittent nature of the forces in question. What we must look to in future must be in the direction of electrical storage—still capable of much improvement, though there are also possibilities in the way of better methods of water storage in reservoirs and large tanks. It is particularly in connection with the exigencies of country life that much greater use of both water and wind power might with advantage be made. Every large country house and every farm could, and should, make use of wind power for such purposes as light and small power units for working stationary agricultural machinery. Where facilities allow, as in many districts of Wales, each farm is provided with a water wheel, but as a rule, no method of storage; wind, however, prevails all over the country, and it is seldom there is not sufficient to move a well constructed wind wheel. The amount of water power going to waste in Wales and Scotland is prodigious. Much coal in northern towns and manufacturing centres might be saved by water power turned into electricity and distributed for both lighting and power purposes, resulting also in much benefit in convenience and health to the community. Undertakings of such nature should receive as much support and encouragement from the Government as the centralising of power stations on the principle of burning all coal and turning it into gas or electricity at the pit's mouth. I believe that there are fortunes awaiting any firms which are enterprising enough to produce an efficient wind motor at a reasonable figure—not beyond the reach of most farms and country houses—and at the same time provide adequate means of storage either in the way of electric accumulators or of water tanks. There are endless possibilities in this direction.—S. O'DWYER.

## A LAKE IN KASHMIR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you two photographs of the Woolar Lake, Kashmir. This lake, which is roughly 10 miles long by 6 miles broad, is one of the largest lakes in India and at certain seasons of the year is extremely dangerous to cross owing to the rapidity with which squalls arise. Shikar is to be had in abundance both on the lake and in the surrounding mountains. The season for small game lasts from the autumn to the spring, and for large, almost all the year round. The larger of the photographs is of a fisher fleet on the lake. Here in August and September mahseer fishing is at its best, and catches varying from 40lb. to 60lb. are not uncommon. The other photograph was taken on the shore near Bandipore, the starting point of the Gilgit Road. In the centre of the picture are the ordinary native cargo boats, which also serve as a home for the skipper and his family. On the extreme right of the photograph fish will be noticed hung up to dry. These, with vegetables sliced and sun dried form the fisher-folks chief winter diet. The geese on the left are the ordinary domestic variety which are bred by

the Kashmiris in large numbers and sold to visitors during the season at a shilling a head. In addition to the fisher-folk on the lakes, a great number of the Kashmiris earn a living collecting singara, or horned water nut, which is ground and used as a substitute for flour and the shell dried and utilised for fuel.—R. T. B.

## INTELLIGENCE IN YOUNG RABBITS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Rabbits, especially young ones, are supposed to be the reverse of intelligent, yet a few days ago I witnessed an incident which indicated a certain degree of reasoning power. Some very dry old beetroots had been given to three months old Flemish-Belgian youngsters. The little rabbits tried hard to bite into the tough roots, but their teeth would make no impression on the hard skin. They thereupon set to work to scratch the beetroots vigorously with their claws, and to such good effect that the surface was scraped off in places, and they were then able to bite into the softer substance below. There was no old rabbit with these young ones to show them what to do, and they had certainly not been faced with any similar problem during their short existence.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.



A REALLY JOLLY DOG.

## TOPPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of my Sealyham Topper, eleven months old, in case you would like a picture of a really jolly dog for your delightful paper.—A. PETRE.

## A KINGFISHER IN A TOWN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The other day I was coming through the town of Warwick on a tram when I noticed a kingfisher sitting on the top of an ornamental statue in a garden not 20yds. from the trams and traffic. The statue was situated in the middle of an artificial stream that was running through the garden. The bird was a full-grown one, and was evidently waiting for fish in the stream. I have seen kingfishers in the country, but have never seen them so near to traffic as this one was. Is this a rare occurrence, or do they visit such a place in search of food?—GEORGE MORRIS.

## A LONG-TAILED SWALLOW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On May 28th, at Christow on the Teign Valley Railway, I saw some swallows hawking round and round over the adjacent field. Among them there was one which had an abnormally long tail, which looked 7ins. or 8ins. long, tapered to a point like a magpie's; it was not stiff, in fact, it seemed to embarrass its owner considerably in the brisk breeze which was blowing, by waving about during the circling movements. This bird's flight looked noticeably clumsy when compared with the swift, graceful swoops of the other swallows, and such an abnormal tail must have proved a severe handicap both during migration and when hawking for flies. It is odd that the tail should have been longest in the centre, as the outer feathers are the ones which are normally longest. There is, for instance, a well known long-tailed swallow in India, *H. smithi*, the wire-tailed swallow. This bird has the outer tail feathers prolonged to a length of about 7ins. The bird seen at Christow, on the contrary, had the centre feathers prolonged, and so must have been a complete freak.—P.L.B.



NATIVE CARGO BOATS NEAR BANDIPORE.



A FISHER FLEET ON LAKE WOOLAR.



THERE is some strange sentiment about an old windmill that makes it always an object of veneration; something in its bold outline, its strong arms, that allies it to the primitive time of the world; and for these reasons there is ever an outcry when a proposal is made to pull down an old windmill. It is, moreover, a landmark fascinating from a distance and romantic at close quarters. Poets have sung the windmill; painters—Rembrandt and lesser men—have delighted in transferring its charm to canvas; and the public has a kindly interest in preserving possession of it. England is not a land of windmills. Our countryside has not the need of them that Holland has. And perhaps that fact accounts for our sentimental interest in the few that are dotted about the counties. What a popular landmark, for example, is the mill on Wimbledon Common. And none the less a favoured sight is the mill on Walton Heath, so familiar to golfers. Possibly this latter dates from the seventeenth century, for the enormous timber skeleton within its weather-boarded shell might well have been fashioned in an age when building with very large timbers was customary; and it is likely, too, that



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ENTRANCE FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

this one is a direct descendant of the mill that stood on Walton Heath as long ago as the thirteenth century.



Copyright.

THE GARDEN FRONT.

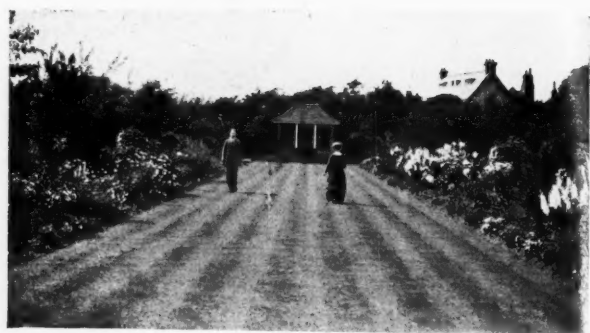
"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

THE GARDEN PORCH.

"C.L."



Copyright.

THE BOWLING GREEN.

"C.L."

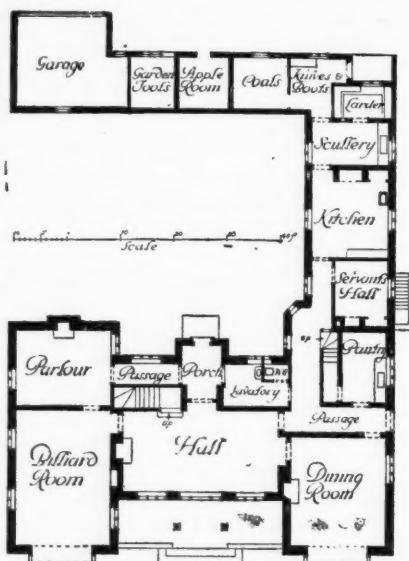


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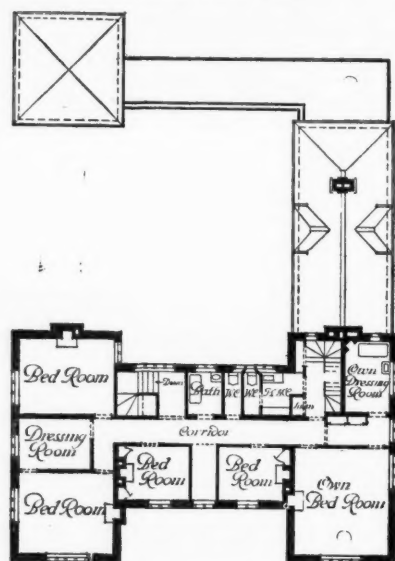
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE MILL.

"C.L."

It is, at any rate, a feature of the landscape which those who love the district would strive to preserve. One is not surprised, therefore, to hear that feelings of uneasiness about the fate of the old mill were aroused about eight years ago, when the field on which it stood was sold for building purposes. But the matter was in careful hands, and so far from suffering demolition, the old mill has been repaired and preserved, and made to form a very charming feature in the gardens of the new house which has been built for Mr. R. H. Filmer from the designs of Mr. E. Guy Dawber. This is a house frankly modern, and very successful as a piece of straightforward building; a house, moreover, which will gain in appearance as the years pass and the patina of weathering spreads over the face of the brickwork, the tiles, and the leadwork. Its fabric is such as to render this possible. But not every brick building will suffer the kindly hand of Time to soften its newness. Do we not see around us those hard-faced, mechanically uniform houses which look as raw now as on the day when the builders finished them? Yet right selection of material and right use of it is the very basis of good building. Think what a change has been wrought since the time, twenty-five years ago, when even leading architects made a point of specifying that all bricks were to be exactly matched in tone, that any with fire-cracks on the surface or any with slight sinkings were to be thrown out, that joints were to be struck with mathematical exactitude, and tiles selected and laid with the same iron uniformity. No wonder it has taken a crusade to abolish such ideas of what good building should be. We have by no means yet got back to the standard of the unsophisticated craft of the old builders, but certainly a vast



Ground Floor Plan



First Floor Plan



Copyright.

IN THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

advance has been made towards the better way of doing things. The walling of this new house at Tadworth may be taken as an example. It is composed of bricks variegated in colour, built into place just as they came to the brick-layer's hand; and they have a texture which not only weathers well, but also gives that play of surface light and shade that is so noticeable a characteristic of old walling. The joints, too, are workmanlike and satisfactory, and bespeak an outlook on the whole art of building very different from that which delights in raked joints, against which Professor Lethaby has recently inveighed. As he says: "Such raked out joints are mere decay traps. It is surely self-evident that it must be so, and it 'stands to reason' that the close flush joint is sound and reasonable building. The right way is the workman's way; the way of taste is a mistaken whim of ill-founded pedantry." The fabric of a house is an all-important matter, meriting the somewhat extended reference which is here made to it. Two views on a preceding page show how pleasant is the approach side of this new house at Tadworth and how sunny the garden side; the lawn in front of the latter, indeed, is lacking in a little welcome shade which the young trees that have been planted are yet insufficient to give.

From the accompanying plans it will be seen that a large central hall is the main feature on the ground floor, forming the connecting stroke of a modified H plan, with a billiard-room and parlour on one side and a dining-room on the other. There is some very pleasant modelled plaster-work on the ceilings of these rooms, bands of enrichment with



Copyright

THE OLD MILL.

"C.L."

apple and blossom forming large rectangular panels in the hall, and plasterwork with plum and blossom being very effectively contrived as a big circle of enrichment on the dining-room ceiling. The walls in all the rooms are distempered in subdued colours, and some good reproductions of old furniture and carpets catch the eye. The kitchen quarters extend as a one-storey wing on the entrance side, forming a sheltered forecourt up to which a drive leads from the road. Round and about this side of the house are the kitchen gardens; then comes a hard tennis court, divided by a large conservatory from the lawn tennis court adjoining the croquet lawn that stretches across the garden front. On this side is a paved space hemmed in by the shallow wings of the garden front, and a very delightful porch is a focus of interest. A short flight of steps extends down to the terrace, off which a narrow stone path leads around the croquet lawn. To the left lies the mill, now adapted to various homely uses, not least among which is a sort of eyrie at its summit, with shaded outlooks over the heath and the beautiful Surrey woodlands. The mill is approached through a small rose garden, wherein the original millstones serve as base to a fountain pedestal, and from this little rose garden one passes to a pond garden, very happily arranged at the foot of the mill. On the other side of the croquet lawn are the fruit garden and the bowling green, the latter bordered with herbaceous plants and having a small garden house at one end. The gardens are as yet new, but even so they form a pleasing setting for a good piece of modern domestic architecture.

UBIQUE.

## BRITISH-BRED CATTLE FOR ARGENTINA

BY PERCY F. MARTIN, F.R.G.S.

OF all European breeds of cattle represented in the Argentine the shorthorn always has been, and remains, the general favourite. This fact is clearly demonstrated by the very much higher prices paid for imported shorthorn bulls, for Argentine-bred shorthorns and other high-grade bulls of this breed compared with those of corresponding representatives of any other cattle. The undoubted success of the shorthorn in the Argentine, both as a pure breed and as a means of crossing, for raising the quality for fattening purposes of the "criollo" (a term which is applied to animals of any origin that have been so long bred in the country that they are popularly regarded as native) and the cross-bred cattle of other breeds affords yet another proof of the unequalled cosmopolitan characteristics of the shorthorn. An undoubted authority upon Argentine livestock has stated that where there is an abundance of rich pasture in a genial and temperate climate such as the Argentine there is no breed that can equal the shorthorn for beef production when properly bred and skilfully managed. Undoubtedly other breeds are equally worthy of attention, but the shorthorn seems to possess qualifications which entitle it to first consideration. Notwithstanding this fact, however, it has to be admitted that under adverse conditions of food and climate the shorthorn is little better able to withstand the struggle for existence. With poor and scanty herbage, or under exposure to cold winds, the shorthorn cannot compare with some of the so-called middle breeds, notably the Hereford, the Devon and the Polled Angus, or with its greatest rival in South Africa, the Dutch or Holstein breed.

In the best Argentine "camps" (a term used for an *estancia*, which in North America would be called a ranch) in the countries centring in the great cattle province of Buenos Aires, and extending into the finest alfalfa camps of adjoining provinces, the shorthorn is generally, though not universally, regarded as favourite; while in outlying "camps" where conditions are less favourable, where the food is neither so rich nor so abundant, where periods of scarcity occur, where the water is at times deficient and not of very good quality, and where in winter bitter south-west winds sweep over the level plains without shelter, the smaller and, under these circumstances, hardier breeds render a much better account of themselves. One great advantage, however, that the shorthorn possesses in competition with other imported cattle is that the bulls "nick" admirably in breeding with the "criollo" cattle of the country and with all breeds of imported cattle and other crosses. Not only is this the case in constitutional and physical qualities, but also in colour, which in Argentina is a matter of more than usual consideration.

There left for Argentina a few days ago a large number of shorthorn bulls, almost entirely bred in Scotland. These were shipped to the order of Mr. James Sidey, the well known livestock exporter of Buenos Aires, who is now in this country in charge of the export arrangements to Argentina of Sir Owen Philipps' famous pedigree bull Kilsant Wanderer, a subject referred to in greater detail below. The eighteen shorthorn bulls which left this country on board the s.s. *Highland Enterprise* from Victoria Docks on the 12th inst. included the following: War Lord (official tattoo number

for Argentine Herd Book, F.451, Roan), Balmerino Barrister (F.544, Red), Linkfield Sort (F.567, Red), Red Baron (F.300, Red), Marlborough (F.428, Dark Roan), Marmion (F.429, Red), Snow Chief (F.680, White), Inverness Imperialist (F.499, Roan), Redgorton Guarantee (F.549, Red), Elator (F.767, Dark Roan), Rothes Kind 3rd (F.656, Roan), Rushwood (F.450, Red), Dandy Broadhooks (F.727, Dark Roan), Royal Statesman (F.430, Red), Lochinvar (F.593, Red), Campaigner (F.592, Red), Doune Gold Mine (F.347, Roan), Coltrim Rambler (F.684, Dark Red).

Included in the shipment of the s.s. *Highland Enterprise* was Ermine of Nuide, Aberdeen Angus heifer, No. 3373, black; and Prince o' the Heather, Aberdeen Angus bull, No. 3278, black; in addition to ten pedigree Herefords, all bred in England and destined for Uruguay, as follows: Doctor (N.98), Courdon Prince (N.99), Goodwood 2nd (O.1), King (O.2), Bacchus (O.7) and

*Protheroe* (O.3): This bull was first-prize winner at Hereford in Class 3, February, 1919. Pedigree.—Pretender sold for a high price to Captain Heygate. Buckland, Gilderoy's dam, won a first prize and Royal winner, Lord Sutton, a very noted sire; Manager, first prize at Hereford, his sire, Champion of England; and Truant, grandson of the noted Lord Wilton.

*View Hollow* (O.4): Highly commended in a very large class in Hereford Show, February, 1919; Hunting Morn was a bull exported by Mr. James Sidey and was an excellent sire, being one of the very best blood; Sir Roland's dam, a Royal winner; Gilderoy's dam won a first, and was a champion Royal winner; Truant's sire, by Lord Wilton; Sir Felton was by the noted and renowned Grove III. *View Hollow* is thus seen to be an excellently bred bull.

*Hammel* (O.6) is by the noted bull Hunting Morn, who has proved himself such a good stock-getter; he is out of Dreamland, which is considered one of the best cows in the well known Court of Noke Herd.

*Hastings* (O.8): Here again is a bull by the noted bull Hunting Morn, and out of a grand, heavy-fleshed cow, Manders. Hastings has an excellent pedigree, which contains some of the most noted and oldest blood in the Herd Book.

*John Jorrocks* (O.5): A highly commended bull in a very large class at Hereford Show in February, 1919; this bull is of an excellent prize-winning family, his sires and grandsires all being very noted bulls.

Next to the shorthorn, the Hereford breed among British cattle is considered to be the best representative in the Argentine Republic. It holds a definite place in the cattle economy of the country, and has definite functions to perform which do not in reality bring it into rivalry with the shorthorn. The Hereford's place is not in competition with the shorthorn in the finest camps in the most favoured localities, but to take a leading position where surroundings are not so favourable to early and rapid maturity, in which it cannot cope with its rival. It comes more slowly to maturity, although it frequently makes a better start as a calf than the shorthorn. But at the age of about three years, when shorthorns or high-grade "novillos" are ready for the butcher, the Herefords, in a mixed lot of cattle kept under the same conditions, are generally reckoned by the expert buyers for the freezing works to be lighter in weight of carcase than the others by 15 per cent. When the Hereford breed was first introduced into Argentina, its reputation for hardiness was altogether exaggerated, and we have been told by Professor Robert Wallace of Edinburgh University, one of the greatest authorities upon South American cattle, that the Hereford breed did *not* thrive best, as had been alleged by some authorities, on Argentine hard grass, land where other cattle starved. Nowadays the characteristics of the breed are better understood, and they find strong supporters among breeders who own first-rate "camps," as well as among those who value more the qualities required in "outside camp" life than in the *galpón* and the showyard. The Republic of Uruguay, chiefly south of the Rio Negro, has from time to time received a large number of Argentine Herefords, as well as exported cattle from England direct. In this Republic the breed is more sought after than the shorthorn for improving the "criollo" cattle of the country.

Kilsant Wanderer, which was sold at Birmingham to Sir Owen Philipps, K.C.M.G., for 3,000 guineas, is to be shown at the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Cardiff on the 24th inst., where it is hoped he may carry off the "Royal." He is destined thereafter to be shipped to Argentina. His sire, Bapton Reuben, is of the Ruby Hill family, and was bred by Mr. Deane Willis and used in his herd until he was four years old, when Mr. D. H. Thomas, of Messrs. Lloyd and Thomas of Carmarthen, bought him as a

stock bull for Sir Owen Philipps' herd. As a yearling bull Mr. Deane Willis was offered 1,000 guineas for him, at a time when the price of shorthorns was not what it is at present, but he could not then be spared. He is a bull of an extraordinary constitution, and is as level to-day at eight years old as he was as a yearling, and regarded as probably one of the best blood red stock bulls in England to-day.

Wanderer's dam is Notgrove Ruth, of the old English Ruth family. It is looked upon as an extraordinary fact that even yet the old English families can breed some of the best; and a good bull such as Wanderer can fetch a high price, although, as it were, English bred, and hold its own with the fashionably bred Scotch cattle. The probability is that Wanderer holds the record for bulls bred from an English family. He is very short legged, thick, level, extraordinarily constitutioned, has never had a day's illness in his life, and—according to Mr. Thomas—"has never missed a feed." The same authority has also stated that in his opinion the great point about Kilsant Wanderer is, he comes of an English family "which knocks the bottom out of the fallacy that Scotch-bred shorthorns are the only families worth breeding, and the craze that there is at the present time for Scotch-bred families, and the enormous prices that are being given for these as compared with the best English families." According to Mr. Thomas, "the best-bred bulls to-day will command the best prices, and it does not matter what the pedigree is; not so with the females, however, as the prices given for bad females of fashionable pedigree are simple madness."

## RECLAIMING THE FEN

THE wildernesses of Britain still call to us across their wastes of beauty and solitude. While our cities and towns are thronged with those who are waiting in queues for unemployment donation, there are hundreds of thousands of acres of good land waiting reclamation. Practical men are still asking questions: What has the Board of Agriculture done in the way of land reclamation? What is it going to do in the immediate future? Will business men with farming experience be placed in control of any schemes undertaken? How many men are desirous of getting back on to the land? What is to be the policy as regards land which is already being farmed? Is it to be taken compulsorily before waste land which is suitable for reclamation is reclaimed? These are vital questions, because they go to the root of the two great problems with which we are faced in our national life at the present time, namely, the food supply and the provision of remunerative employment.

IN COUNTRY LIFE of September 7th, 1918, there appeared an account of the reclamation of Woodwalton Fen. A few observations to amplify the account then given may be of interest. There is nothing extraordinary about the work inaugurated in the beginning of 1918, but I venture to think that there is at least something which is practical and of value to the nation. The argument made concerning reclamation work is that it does not pay. On a little back lot of about 400 acres of waste fen, work was commenced in April, 1918, and last season crops of potatoes, buckwheat and savoy were grown which were well up to the average. An exceedingly wet winter has made the difficulties of reclaiming the fen more than ordinarily trying, but at the time of writing the prospects are sufficiently promising to encourage one to proceed further with the work which was inaugurated last year. As pointed out in COUNTRY LIFE, the great difficulty is that of drainage. Arrangements as regards the drainage of this particular area of the fen were in good order, but, owing to the breakdown of pumping machinery on adjoining property, a good portion of the land became flooded on or about February 20th. The work of raising banks referred to in the previous article had, of course, then to be stopped, but this work was soon in hand again, and it is to be hoped that no recurrence of this winter's experience will take place. As regards the actual results accomplished. About 70 acres of land have been brought back into good cultivable condition, while on about another 30 acres partial cleansing operations have been carried out. The result has been, from the agricultural standpoint, that land which last season was not worth having for farming purposes can readily be let this season after reclamation at £2 per acre; in fact, some has been let at £2 5s. Whether the cost of reclamation is spread over a period of five years, as is the plan followed at Methwold, or whatever plan is followed as regards the cost of reclamation, results are sufficiently good to encourage the owners to proceed with the work purely as a business proposition. This is a very important point, as it seems to be inferred, from whatever one can read as regards the land reclamation work to be carried out by the Board of Agriculture, that it may be necessary to reclaim land at a loss. My contention has always been that the matter of land reclamation must be subjected to the acid test. Does it pay? It obviously follows that if land reclamation is to be undertaken with benefit to the nation, the control

should be placed in the hands of those who are essentially business men with farming experience.

With reference to the peat-cutting operations. The wisdom of stacking the peat cut for commercial purposes in large pyramids containing many tons each has been abundantly justified. Unfortunately for the local peat diggers who left their fuel blocks standing in long, narrow journeys or rows of about 3ft. or 4ft. high, floods have carried the peat the fenmen know not whither, and the result of a large part of their labour has been lost.

It is interesting to observe that the peat-cutting operations have been carried out on about 19 or 20 acres, and that, after the intersecting strips of peat land left over from last year had been dug this season, in 1920 the land from which peat has been cleared will come in for bringing back into a good state of cultivation for farm crops. The area which has been reclaimed this year has not been dug for peat, but will probably be gone over for this purpose some time in the near future. Experience goes to show that it is imperative, if a good job is to be made

of this type of land reclamation, that the husbandman must not be too ambitious. Each field, or portion of the fen which it is decided to reclaim, must be dealt with thoroughly before other portions are taken in hand. It is useless to plough over and cultivate unless sufficient labour is available to clear off thoroughly the conglomeration of couch roots, rushes and indigenous weeds which are on the surface. The plan is to clear as you go. One crop failure has to be reported, namely, that of sunflowers. Undoubtedly, these were sown too late to allow them to mature. It has to be borne in mind that the very fact that there are difficulties connected with land reclamation renders it imperative in the national interest that some impartial committee, comprised of those who are not only keenly interested in land reclamation, but have the necessary practical knowledge of controlling such work, should be in charge. It is by no means the sphere of the theorist or the visionary. Pioneer work has to be undertaken and wild cat schemes have to be scotched if the nation is to benefit by land reclamation. Officials should not only be nominally public servants.

A. LANCASTER SMITH.

## AMATEUR GOLFERS AT WORK AGAIN

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

THE Golf Illustrated Gold Vase is a very interesting and deservedly popular competition which always attracts a very strong field. It is the first of the important amateur competitions to be renewed, but for once in a while I feel no great enthusiasm for writing about it. He would be a very un-selfconscious person who would face without a tremor the task of describing a competition that he himself had won. However, I will get my own part of the story over with decent expedition. I think I won chiefly because I took no more than five to a hole in either round. To do that meant a measure of steadiness and also a measure of luck—not so much actual good luck, perhaps, as absence of bad luck. With the ground as hard as a rock and the ball bouncing and kicking sometimes as if from an American service at lawn tennis, the fates could play some very unkind tricks. They spared me and there you are. I think I was only three times in the “humps and hollows” in the course of two rounds, and each time I got at least as good a lie as I deserved. Again, at the eighth hole, that terribly short hole perched between two abysses, my ball, well struck but with a little draw on it, was making for the left-hand side of the green, where lies an uncharted wilderness of horrors. It struck a hump and bounded back safely into the hollow short of the green—another cause for devout thankfulness. If I may give myself one pat on the back, it is because I played reasonably well in the second round, after a horribly depressing start—four fives in a row—and had the last six holes in the par figures, when I was morally certain that I could not afford to drop another shot. And so no more of B. Darwin.

### MR. HARRIS' STERN CHASE.

Mr. Omer, the undertaker in “David Copperfield,” remarked that it was the disadvantage of his line of business that when his friends were ill he could not ask how they were. The leader in a competition feels something of the same delicacy in enquiring after his nearest rivals. He must stand afar off and gather scraps of information. Therefore I did not see many consecutive holes of any one player. The most exciting event of the day was undoubtedly Mr. Harris's splendid stern chase in the afternoon. He had taken 80 in the morning, largely perhaps because he began with a disastrous 6; but he sat down to his work like a man in the second round. The first eleven holes in 4's was very good golf, and just at this moment he knew that he had to do 72 to win and 73 to tie. This meant absolutely flawless play; but with only three holes to go he still had a good chance of tying. A 4 at the short sixteenth, due to a rather unlucky kick, made a forlorn hope of it, and he was left with a 3 at the last hole to tie. Plump into the bunker went his ball at the second shot, and then by some mysterious means hopped out again and struggled almost on to the green. However, the putt did not go down, and Mr. Harris's fine and sustained spurt just failed. In fact, he took 5 to the hole, and so finished behind Mr. E. H. W. Scott. Mr. Scott is a very good golfer indeed, with an easy, graceful style and plenty of power. He is always likely to do well in a field of amateurs, however strong, and his second round of 75, though not quite so dramatic as Mr. Harris's, was an equally good performance.

### IRON CLUBS OFF THE TEE.

After Mr. Harris came Mr. Holderness, who was one of the best young Oxford players a year or two before the war—he, too, had a second round of 75. In fact, generally speaking, youth put age to the rout. Mr. Lassen, Mr. Gillies, Captain Hutchison, Mr. Michael Scott and many more players of settled reputation failed rather badly, and in their places we had Mr. Tolley, Mr. Wethered, Mr. Neilson and others hitherto unknown to fame. Mr. Tolley is an interesting young golfer with a fine physique, a cheerful temperament, an easy style and a perpetual pipe,

who seems likely to do very well soon. But why in the name of common sense does he take an iron club off the tee at long holes against the wind? It is a measure that can only be justified in extreme circumstances and so good a young player ought not to allow himself to do it. I once watched an American Amateur Championship at Garden City, in which half the competitors indulged in this futile form of caution; and to see that beautiful wooden club player, Mr. “Chick” Evans, taking iron shots from the tee was a lamentable business. Mr. Evans on that occasion was beaten by one who is certainly not so good a driver as he is, Mr. J. G. Anderson, because Mr. Anderson manfully stuck to his wooden club from the tee. Mr. Travers in those days could not drive with a wooden club and so had perforce to drive with an iron and yet he used to win championships. His many sincere admirers in America consequently confused cause and effect. Mr. Tolley has not that excuse and he is so good a golfer that I hope he will mend his ways.

### AN EXAMPLE TO GREEN COMMITTEES.

We are usually indulgent critics of the course on which we are fortunate, but I think everyone would agree that the Mid-Surrey course was in wonderfully good order in the circumstances. Langston, the green keeper, deserves much praise and so, it is not impertinent to say so, does the indefatigable Mr. Montgomerie. There were several points worthy of commendation and in particular the placing of the holes. The professionals have lately been complaining bitterly of those who cut holes for them in maliciously difficult places. There was no trace of this tendency in the Old Deer Park. The holes were all cut with the most scrupulous fairness and, in most cases, towards the further end of the green, so that anyone who was hitting the ball firmly and boldly with his mashie need have no very great difficulty in getting near the hole. The greens had been lavishly watered and not cut too close; and there was no excuse whatever for missing short putts—and here I speak feelingly. The fairway again had not been too severely shaven and the danger of bad kicks was thus reduced as far as it possibly could be; while the rough on the other hand had been cut on a graduated scale and it was only a really infamous tee shot that gave the striker a hay field to play out of. In short, common sense prevailed, justice was in every possible way tempered with mercy and the game made as pleasant as the agony of card and pencil can ever be. A iron-hard ground, a boisterous wind, and a card—here is a devilish alliance of enemies that will never need any reinforcing. Mr. Montgomerie set an admirable example to all green keepers and green committees in similar circumstances.

### THE ST. GEORGE'S CUP.

I am told that when peace is signed—and this remark generally produces an ironical snigger—the event will be celebrated by holding the competition for the St. George's Cup at Sandwich. Furthermore, the eight players who return the best scores will be invited to play off in a match play tournament. Thus Mr. Angus Hambro's plan for the reformation of the Amateur Championship will get something in the nature of a trial run. There will probably be a large and representative field, for golfers in general are becoming very keen and youth is gaining plenty of encouragement to enter by the way in which it is defeating age. Therefore, a place in those first eight should take plenty of getting, and the match play be full of interest. It was if I remember rightly, when Sandwich was burnt up by such a drought as the present, that Mr. Everard Martin Smith had a round of 68 in the St. George's Cup, just about as wonderful a score as ever was done with a card and pencil. He is one of the older players who has not yet got back into form, but practice or no practice, form or no form, anyone of the great golfing clan of Hambros and Martin Smiths is always to be feared on their happy hunting ground of Sandwich.

## A FIGHT BETWEEN TWO MANX SHEARWATERS

By FRANK R. D. ONSLOW.

A DULL, leaden sky with fine but almost incessant rain, and a cold, searching wind, did not seem to promise a pleasant day for photographing birds on a bleak island. Overnight I had arranged to sail to an island famous for its richness in bird-life, where among the lesser black-backed gulls there was, waiting for me in the rocks, a hiding-place built some days previously and roofed more or less adequately with broken planks and pieces of wreckage. But I knew that the roof would leak horribly; hiding-places for birds which can be very pleasant under favourable circumstances can also be equally uncomfortable, and especially so when one sits in a cramped position on a wet rock with the rain dripping through on to oneself and the camera. Also, I was alone; I had only that morning walked down to the harbour with my friends and had seen them off by the steamer to the mainland, and I almost wished I had been going with them. Certainly half the charm of bird photography is doing it in company with someone else. Altogether, it would have taken little, as I left the quay, to have persuaded me to give up the trip and spend the day over the fire with a book. However, when I got back to the hotel I found my boatman, a cheery optimist with a distinct fondness for beer, waiting for me. There was also a large basket with lunch. After all, the weather might improve, and it was my last opportunity with the birds, for I was leaving the islands the next day.

A quarter of an hour later, therefore, we put out from the harbour, and with a good breeze to help us it was not long before we saw our destination, a row of jagged rocks like the lower jaw of a crocodile, ahead of us. On the water near the island were a good many puffins, with an occasional Manx shearwater. The rain became more heavy after we landed, and I found the hiding-place even more uncomfortable than I expected. But there were lesser black-backed gulls around me in plenty almost before my boatman was out of sight, and I was soon busy with camera and notebook. I had told him at what time I wanted him to come back to me, and had also asked him to keep a look-out for any Manx shearwater that might show itself at the mouth of a burrow, as I was very anxious to photograph this bird. Manx shearwaters and puffins share the same burrows, and though we had seen none of the latter above ground on the island, I thought it possible that we might find a Manx shearwater at home.

This little bird is rather smaller than a pigeon. Its upper parts are mostly sooty black, and its breast and under parts are nearly white. Unlike so many other sea birds, gulls, cormorants and puffins especially, it does not thrust itself into notice. One may occasionally see it riding on the water or skimming over the sea with its particularly easy flight—it is well named "shearwater"—but during the day it rarely appears above ground on the islands where it breeds; it prefers the retirement and darkness of the burrow in which it lives, and it shows considerable annoyance if found at home and dragged out into the light. Probably this self-effacement is not from choice, but from necessity. From the shearwater's point of view it is unfortunate that the lesser black-backed gull breeds so plentifully on the islands. It is an enemy with a cruel beak and ravenous inside, and it looks on warm shearwater entrails as a



IN POSSESSION.



AWAITING THE ENEMY.



F. R. D. Onslow.

THE QUARREL.

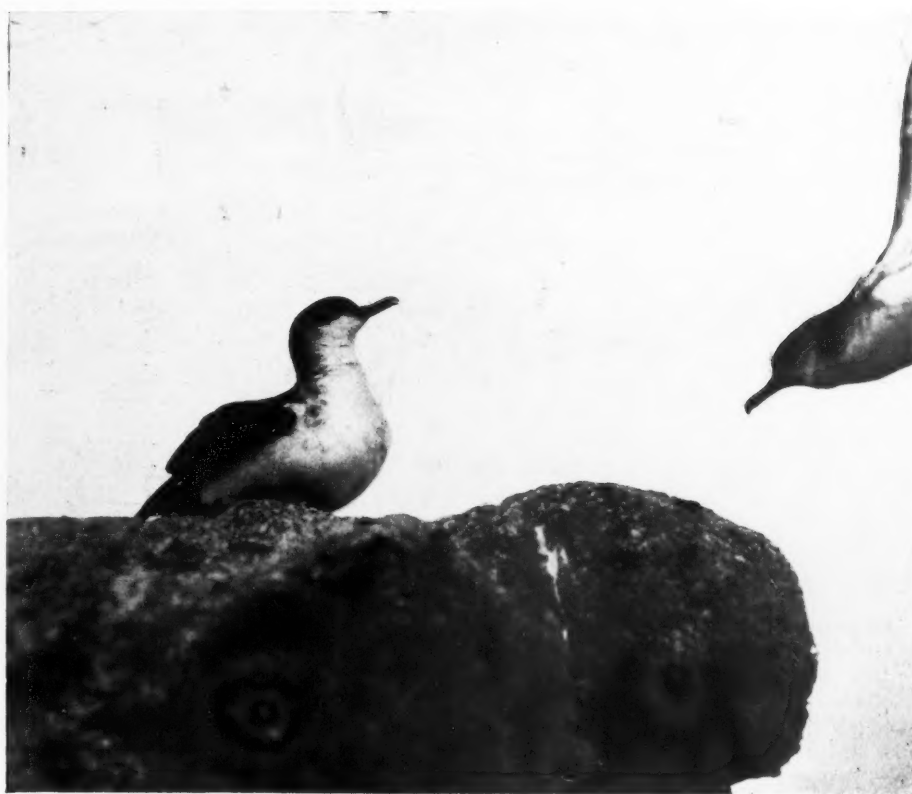
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particular delicacy. Scattered over the thrift and on the rocks we had seen many disembowelled corpses of shearwaters and puffins, some dried up, but others almost fresh.

An even larger enemy, the greater black-backed gull, which can bolt a puffin whole, may also be on the lookout for a meal. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the Manx shearwater, if at home, prefers to stay there all day, especially as he cannot rise direct from the ground; he has to run, flapping, up a sloping rock, from the top

of which he launches himself into the air. I was not sorry when I saw my boatman coming back, as I was very wet and horribly cold. He told me, as we walked to the sheltered rock, behind which we intended to have lunch, that he had seen no shearwaters, but that he had a puffin for me if I cared to photograph it. It had flown in from the sea and his boy had seen it go into a burrow near at hand. Only a little digging, or rather pulling apart of the thrift and loose soil, had been necessary to bring it to light. They had caught it, and to keep it quiet his boy had put it into the basket with the luncheon.

For every reason this had to be seen to as soon as possible, but before photographing it I thought it worth while to explore the burrow in case there might be other tenants. I was in luck, for first one and then another Manx shearwater was pulled out, protesting vigorously, and at the end of the burrow was a new-laid puffin's egg and an addled one of last year. The puffin was quickly separated from the luncheon, photographed, and then released, and I turned my attention to the shearwaters. These, from the moment they were taken from underground, seemed much more anxious to peck one another than the hands of their



THE CHALLENGE.

run up the rock, but, finding itself checked each time, at last sat down quietly and began stretching and preening itself, and with a bit of stick I was able to slip its leg out of the noose. It moved about a little on the rock, but when it settled down again the other shearwater was brought near, as I hoped, and, indeed, expected, from their attitude towards one another when first captured, that they would fight. The second one was then put, quite free, on the rock, much to the indignation of both. Each began to abuse the other violently, seeming to think that it was the other's fault that they had been dragged out into the light.

The new-comer from the first appeared to get the worst of the argument and soon settled down in a hump on the top of the rock, but the other, who looked every inch a scold, continued "talking" with open beak and with wings outstretched. The squatting one presently began to sidle about on the rock, giving a fair amount of abuse now and then, when suddenly, stung to the quick as it seemed by some particularly caustic remark, it turned and seized the scold by the throat. They swayed about for a few seconds (during which I, in my excitement, took two photographs on the same plate) and then they rolled over and over, a mass of

captors, who kept them well apart. They were each tethered with a boot-lace—this being less likely to hurt them than a string—slipped with a large noose over a leg, and by the time I had finished with the puffin they had ceased to struggle, though they continued to eye one another, apparently with hatred.

One of the two was then placed on a rock, its leg being still through the noose, as this seemed the only way to prevent it from flying away. It made one or two efforts to



feathers and beating wings. They fetched up in a hollow of the rock, one with its head down and tail pointing straight upwards, but still holding on with its beak. Here they remained for a few moments, and as I had no more plates I separated them. One quickly disappeared down a burrow near, while the other threw itself from the rock and flew out to sea. Obviously tired, its first somewhat erratic flight attracted the attention of several lesser black-backed gulls, who wheeled towards it, evidently hoping for the chance of an easy meal. However, its flight got stronger as it flew, and I saw it pass safely through the gulls



F. R. D. Onslow.

THE LAST ROUND.

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and far out to sea. The whole fight occupied a very short time, far shorter than it has taken to describe, and it was almost impossible to manipulate the camera quickly enough to show the chief incidents. No. 5 will, however, show the kind of language they used before they got to grips.

I could not help thinking, as I picked up the camera and walked towards the sheltered rock, that what with domestic disagreements such as I had

just seen and the possibility of sudden and painful death at any hour of the day, the home life of the Manx shearwater must be far from dull.

## TURF, STUD AND STABLE

### IRISH ELEGANCE AND THE FLAW IN HIS PEDIGREE.

**I** SUPPOSE I may be permitted to refer to the weather, even though by the time these notes are in print the parched land, as it is at this moment, may be drenched with the long overdue rain. Somehow, however, the prospect seems remote. I remember writing two weeks before Epsom and drawing a melancholy picture of the state of that racecourse should no rain fall in the interval. Well, there was no rain until Derby Day itself, and then there was just sufficient to annoy the great crowd and make the surface worse for galloping than it was before. Another fortnight has passed and I am writing on the eve of Ascot. Still no rain to speak of, and Ascot racing must in consequence suffer, but as to that I shall be entitled to write a week hence from knowledge. All this wordy reference to the drought is justified, because it is seriously worrying every individual who is concerned with the breeding and rearing of horses.

Maybe it is even more serious for dairy farmers, cattle breeders and agriculturists generally, but my interests are connected with horses, and so I refer to horse breeders in particular. Foals and yearlings cannot possibly do as well as they would do were paddocks not eaten down and the growth of grass stunted by the weeks of sunshine and moistureless wind. The hay crop too, is going to be poor and thin, because even if rain comes at once I feel sure it will scarcely be in time to materially improve the outlook.

If you had a racehorse capable of winning high-class races and gaining a reputation for brilliance you would be entitled to regard him as a very fine commercial proposition. I am thinking now of his value for the stud, assuming he was a colt. A brilliant racehorse, well bred, must be a great asset; at any rate Mr. J. B. Joel was a very disappointed man the other day when it was announced that the late Mr. A. W. Cox's horses would not be sold, but would be raced by his brother, Mr. A. R. Cox. He had fully made up his mind to go to £50,000 for Gay Crusader. Why? Because he was a brilliant racehorse, and as such would command the maximum of high patronage as a sire. Well, now, what if you had a brilliant racehorse, and because of a remote flaw in his pedigree he could not be accepted for the general Stud Book? What a bitter disappointment! I have in mind such a case to-day—that of Irish Elegance, the four year old son of Sir Archibald and Sweet Clorane. He is a magnificent horse as an individual, and he is a great racehorse. To see him, as I did the other day, win the Salford Borough Handicap with 9st. 9lb. on his back by six lengths was a most impressive sight. And before these notes are published it is possible he may have won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot with the light-weight hunting burden of 9st. 11lb. on his back. It would be inclusive of the 10lb. penalty he had incurred through winning at Manchester.

What a tragedy it is for his owner, Mr. White, and for breeders generally that this great horse is not regarded as being absolutely pure bred! I believe the flaw occurs on the dam's side some generations back. There is no doubt in the world that Irish Elegance is just as clean bred as, say, Grand Parade; but there is that missing link in the chain, and so the horse must be lost to breeders. Of course, he will be bred from, and his progeny are sure to win races, but they, too, will not be eligible for the Stud Book. It is a great misfortune, and especially

will it be should the horse really prevail at Ascot. I know that both his owner and trainer expect him to do so; but, anyhow, you will know all about that long before you read this. You do not usually have to wait for the postman to know what has won the Hunt Cup at Ascot. The last notable example of a good "illegitimate" horse was Shogun, who was greatly fancied to win the Derby of 1913, for which Craganour came in first. His trainer—Wootton—and a good many more will always swear that he was most unlucky not to win that Derby. To-day Shogun is at Sir Edward Hulton's stud near Newmarket, but his fee is a very modest one. The reason I have tried to explain.

Irish Elegance and By Jingo! are examples of very cheap purchases even in these days of inflated prices for bloodstock. The former was bred and raced as a two year old by a Mr. Frogley, who passed on the colt to Mr. Thorburn for £2,000. Mr. Harry Cottrill trained for both Mr. Thorburn and Mr. White, and as the latter had a long and a well-filled purse he became the horse's owner, but for £9,000! Even at that he has proved a very cheap purchase, as the horse has been a great winner. By Jingo! was bred by the leading jockey, Stephen Donoghue, and he passed him on to Mr. J. Shepherd, whose activities in the export of pedigree cattle, sheep and pigs to the Argentine are well known in that "trade." When the horse was a three year old he was passed on to Mr. De Pledge for £2,000, and for him he has won the Manchester Cups of 1918 and 1919, the race on each occasion being worth between two and three thousand pounds. As big sums in bets have also been won, the horse must rank as an example of a great bargain. He, too, may be a winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, as they told me at Manchester that he was to oppose the Manton cracks in that race.

Another sure-to-win favourite has, I see, been beaten for a Derby. I refer to Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's McKinley, who has won the French Two Thousand Guineas and was beaten out of a place for the French Derby, which was decided at Longchamps last Sunday. The extraordinary thing is that the race, like our Derby, was also won by a horse carrying second colours. Grand Parade, you remember, started at 33 to 1 against; but in France they have the pari-mutuel system of betting, and the custom is to back the stable. Thus those who backed McKinley also backed Tchad, the stable companion, and they won their money if one or the other won. Therefore there is not the same sting in the result as there was in our Derby, but, nevertheless, it is extraordinary that both classic races should have been won by horses which were considered to have less chance than others in the same ownership. Tchad, who is by Negofol from Toia, was really the better two year old, but there was an idea that McKinley had made most improvement.

Next week the Irish Derby is to be decided at the Curragh, and it rejoices me to think that Sir Alec Black is sending The Panther to oppose Grand Parade, and is thus early seeking to rehabilitate his horse. It will be a most interesting race. This time Donoghue rides The Panther, and I will only say that he fancies his mount very much indeed! Sir Berkeley may win the Newbury Cup on Thursday next for the Duke of Portland. I am sure there is a good race in this horse, though after he had run third for the Newbury Spring Cup he had to be eased in his training for splint trouble. In his absence I would fancy the King's Jutland.

PHILLIPPOS.